To
Geo H. Knox.

If I had the "Ready Money"
I would have my heart's desire
I'd have brain food with the honey
In the thoughts that would inspire
And my soul would be inflated
With the Gems from George H. Knox
But. As I have intimated
Pard. I hav'nt got the Rocks C?

Your Broncho Friend
In clouds or Sunshine

J. W. Crawford
aft Jack.

Nov 14th 1913

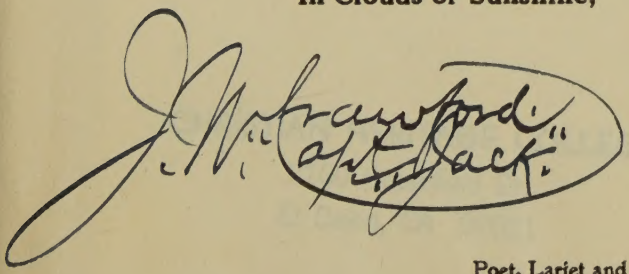
ON THE BATTLEFIELD GETTSBURG,
July 4th, 1913

THE REAL REUNION

Here brothers fought for principle,
Here heroes bravely died,
Here LINCOLN was immortalized,
At summit of the tide,
And here we are with high resolve
To pledge ourselves again,
That noble dead, the Blue and Gray,
"Shall not have died in vain."

And near the spot where Lincoln stood'
We've organized to-day,
July the fourth nineteen thirteen,
Abe Lincoln's Blue and Gray,
"With malice towards none" we pledge
Ourselves forever true,
Devotedly and loyally
As brothers, Gray and Blue.

Fraternally yours,
In Clouds or Sunshine,



Poet, Lariet and Historian,
United American Veterans

The first fraternal reunion of the
Blue and Gray see "Hood's Children"
page 153—also 149

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Crawford

Whar' the hand of God is seen

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Yours,

In clouds or sunshine,

John Wallace Crawford
"Capt. Jack"

WHAR' THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN

And Other Poems

By John Wallace 1847-1917
CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD
(Late Chief of Scouts, U. S. Army)

Roped for relief of the author, the divertisement of tenderfeet, and the joy of all those who love God's Great Out-of-Doors

Revised and Enlarged

1913
NEW YORK LYCEUM PUBLISHING CO.
56 WEST 104TH STREET, NEW YORK

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TO MY FRIENDS—GREETING

In presenting this revised and enlarged edition of my poems, I feel it to be a duty to express my heartfelt thanks to all who purchased copies of the first edition, and especially to the good friends who ordered autographed copies directly from me. In nearly four hundred books of the first edition of one thousand copies I wrote an original verse, or verses, and from among those who secured the autographed copies I have received over a hundred letters, of which the following may be taken as a sample:

"My Dear Jack:

"A thousand dollars could not tempt me to part with your delightful book and the two charming verses on the fly leaf. It will be a valuable souvenir to my children and to theirs. Find enclosed my check for $4.50, for which please send autographed copies to—— (names of friends).

"A. S. BURT, Brig. Gen., U. S. A., Retired.

"Washington, D. C., Jan. 3, 1911."

Having added a number of poems to this edition, among which is my "Toast To Woman," I am hoping that many of my friends will order copies. While I cannot write verses and attach my autograph to all copies ordered, I shall take pleasure in autographing every book ordered through me.

I now own the plates from which the former book was printed, as well as the copyright, and hence am able to quote a much lower rate per copy than formerly. The cost of the book, bound in cloth, gold stamped, will be but One Dollar. Address all orders to

CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD,
56 West 104th Street, New York.

NOTE

The following poems have been added and will be found in the back part of the book:

"Scouting for Shadowgraphs."
"Hood's Children" (a story and a poem).
"For Ninety Years."
"Lincoln's One Hundredth Anniversary."
"The Gift of Song."
"Satisfied."
"The Sunshine State."
"If I But Can."
"A Toast to Woman" (by special request).
"Just a Tip."

24993

A COMRADE'S FOREWORD

It is as natural for Captain Jack Crawford to weave his inspired thoughts into a fabric of song as it is for the birds of the Western wilds to warble their glad greetings to the golden dawn of a summer day. I was his companion—his "pard," as we Westerners describe close friendship—for many years, and it may not be a very great exaggeration to declare that I never knew a day to pass in which he did not, with rapidly moving pencil, give outflow to his poetic imaginings in running rhyme. In the rude cabin in the wilds of the San Andreas mountains in New Mexico which sheltered us for many months, in the saddle while on the trail, by the light of the campfire after a day's hard ride, and sometimes when apprehended dangers cautioned against the use of a fire which might attract undesirable attention from native Americans in gaudy headdress and hideous war paint, with saddle for seat and buckskin-covered knee for table he would sit in the bright light of the Southwestern moon and write, and write, and write until I sometimes thought that versification was in his case an uncontrollable mania. The pad of paper and the pencil were regarded by him as being as necessary in the saddle pocket as the hardtack and jerked meat which usually constituted the scouting menu when on the trail.

While in the West, his songs were all of the West. He saw poetry in everything from the awe-inspiring grandeur of the mountains to the sneaking coyotes which sang us to sleep at night from their perch on a distant sandhill, but since he drifted Eastward and came into touch with civilization

he has tuned his poetic lyre in a different key and writes of more commonplace things.

His first book of verse was printed many years ago and was wholly made up of Western song. Such copies as are yet in existence are preserved as valued mementoes by many of his friends and companions who knew him in border life. The present volume embodies a few of his earlier wildland efforts interspersed among poems of varied character.

The literary polish which characterizes the work of the great poets will not be found in the productions of this picturesque son of the Borderland, but tender, soulful touches of human nature crop out in every verse. He never sat as a boy beneath the watchful eye of the old-time schoolmaster in vogue in the days of his boyhood who stood as a tyrant before his tousle-headed flock with a dog-eared book in one hand and a corrective hickory rod in the other. What education he possesses was picked up in the wild school of Nature and through association with army officers and their wives at the several frontier military posts at which he was stationed while in the government scouting service. Before learning to read after returning from active service at the front in the great Civil War, the page of a printed book was to him but a jumble of unmeaning black characters massed upon white paper. To use a homely colloquialism, he did not "know B from a bull's foot" until taught the alphabet by a Sister of Charity when, near the close of the War, he lay upon a hospital cot suffering from a gunshot wound received in battle. Considering all of this, the work between the covers of this volume must appeal to the educated reader as being truly remarkable.

With these simple words of introduction the drippings from his poetic pen are passed up to the reader.

Denver, Colorado. JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
A Bit of Doggerel	15
A Broncho's Philosophy	35
A Comrade's Foreword	3
A Cure for Insomnia	90
A Happy Hit	142
A Memory	56
A Message from the Dead	32
An Old Trapper's Religion	122
A Plea to the Boys	22
A Tribute to Old Glory	15
A Tribute to My Old Pard, "Tom" Walsh	52
A Tribute to Father Judge	48
At the Mission Door	28
A Sunshine Boomerang	29
A Sermon to Myself	38
A Scout's Greeting	62
A Yuletide Bouquet	42
Bet Your Last Dollar on It	44
Broncho *vs.* Bicycle	104
Burns' Anniversary	73
Camp Fire Sparks	64
Come Back, Papa	89
Dedication	2
Decoration Day	146
Does it Pay?	39
Dot Little Crippled Boy Vot Died	98
Emblematic	72
Faith	82
God's Anteroom	18
Greeting	31
Heard in the Cane Brake	93
Howdy, Teddy? Howdy Do?	60
Hymn of Nature's Creed	13
If I But Could	57
If You Should Die Tonight	30
In Donegal	92
Inspiration	11
It Doesn't Pay	14
I've Got the Brand	49
Jim's Letter	136
Kit Carson	27
Lines to L. L.	33
Memorial Day	144
Mother's Prayers	26
Mother's Way	16
My Little New Log Cabin in the Hills	86
Nora Lee	80
Not a Sin to Lie That Way	134
"Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep"	79

PAGE

Ol' Bill Reynolds's 'Dopted Boy 112
Our Roosevelt 66
Our Martyred Dead 145
Rattlin' Joe's Prayer 118
Resigned 83
Sanctimon'yus Ike 116
Saviour of My Soul 75
Serenade in the Hills 78
Sleep, Soldier, Sleep 139
Some Bronco Philosophy 25
Sunshine 34
Thanksgiving 17
Thar' Was Jim 108
The Broncho 10
The Elk and His Mission 43
The Gallant Seventy-Ninth 140
The Gray and the Blue in Domestic Life 149
The Harvest 24
The Heavenly Telephone 88
The Irish Lover 87
The Keystone of the Union 84
The Last Roll Call 117
The Man with the Pick and the Drill 68
The Mountain Boy's Letter 56
The Music of Life 76
The Old Kentucky Rifle 100
The Optimistic Warbler 91
The Reporter 40
The Scout's Retreat 30
The Shadow of a Curse 20
The Songs Unsung 12
The Sunshine Trail 47
The True Story of Marching Through Georgia . . . 125
The Veteran and His Grandson 126
The Womanhood of Man 110
Thirty Years Ago 94
This Ain't Poetry—It's God's Truth 46
To Andrew Carnegie 61
To Mark Twain 67
To Miriam 67
To Mrs. Kate Brownlee Sherwood 70
To My Book 41
To My Winchester 54
To One of God's Queens 59
To the Daughter of General John B. Gorden . . . 50
What Do I Know? 9
Whar' the Hand o' God Is Seen 7
When Bill Come Home 131
Who the Heroes Were 103
Woman's Influence 65

WHAR THE HAND O' GOD IS SEEN

Do I like the city, stranger? 'Tisn't likely that I would;
'Tisn't likely that a ranger from the border ever could
Git accustomed to the flurry an' the loud unearthly noise—
Everybody in a hurry, men an' wimmin, gals an' boys,
All a rushin' like the nation 'mid the rumble an' the jar,
Jes' as if their souls' salvation hung upon their gittin' thar.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

Nothin' here but bricks an' mortar, towerin' overhead so high
That you never see a quarter o' the overhangin' sky,
Not a tree or grassy medder, not a runnin' brook in sight,
Nothin' but the buildins' shadder makin' gloom of Heaven's light.
E'en the birds are all imported from away acrost the sea—
Faces meet me all distorted with the hand of misery.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

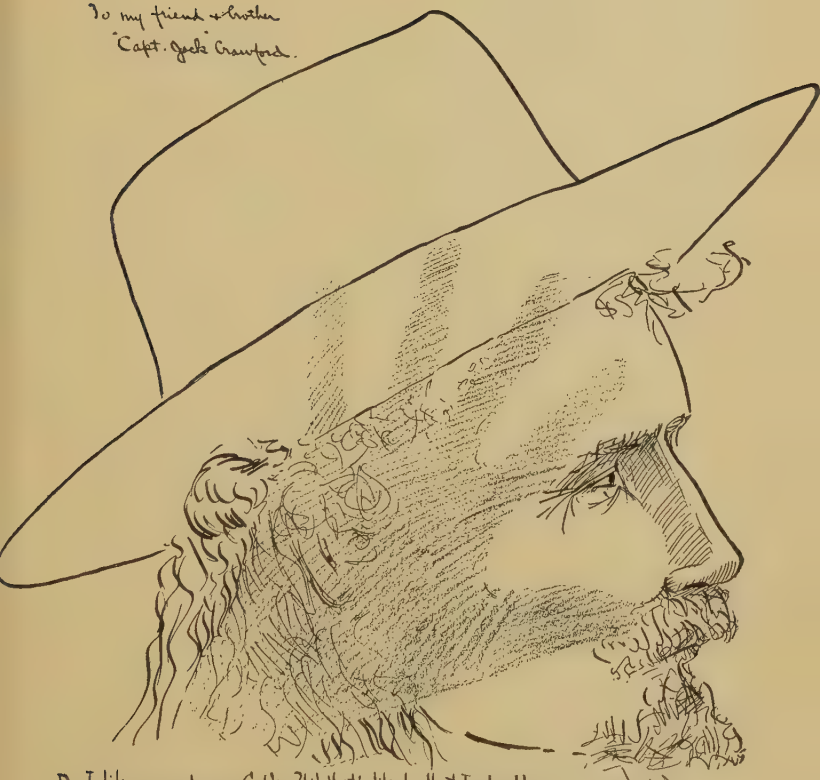
Roarin' railroad trains above you, streets by workmen all defaced,
Everybody tryin' to shove you in the gutter in their haste.
Cars an' carts an' wagons rumblin' through the streets with deafen'n' roar,
Drivers yellin', swearin', grumblin', jes' like imps from Sheol's shore;
Factories jinin' in the chorus, helpin' 'long the din to swell;
Auctioneers in tones sonorous, lying 'bout the goods they sell.

Like it? No. I love to wander
'Mid the vales an' mountains green,
In the border land out yonder,
Whar' the hand o' God is seen.

Yes, I love the Western border; pine trees wavin' in the air,
Rocks piled up in rough disorder, birds a-singin' everywhere;
Deer a playin' in their gladness, elks a feedin' in the glen;
Not a trace o' pain or sadness campin' on the trail o' men.
Brooks o' crystal clearness flowin' o'er the rocks, an' lovely flowers
In their tinted beauty growin' in the mountain dells an' bowers.

Fairer picture the Creator
Never threw on earthly screen,
Than this lovely home o' Natur'
Whar the hand o' God is seen.

To my friend + brother
"Capt. Jack Crawford."



Do I like your pome Cap'an? Well, it's likely that I should,
'Cause it's of the kind that happen when I'm writin' purty good.
I'm accustomed most to mockin' with my parodies like this
Which I'll slip into your stockin' thro the kindness of Old Kris.
An' I hope you'll under stand it, and the liberty I took
With your pome-book when I brand it, as the equal of The Book.

Like it? No, I *love* it rather,
And I know just what you mean
When you sing about the country
Whar' the hand o' GOD is seen.

For I've lived here, in the city, since the day that I was born,
But the good GOD in his pity sent such broncho souls as yourn
To depict the different phases of His country way out West
In a way that soft o' raises that thar place above the rest
Don't you think whar there's a home that the hand of GOD is thar?
Not a-pickin' on your pome—Ain't His Hand most 'every whar!

Like it? No, I love it rather,
And you know just what I mean
When I say it's in the mind o' Man
The Hand o' GOD is seen.

HENRY CLAY GRANT
XMAS '11

WHAT DO I KNOW?

("What do you know, Captain Jack?" asked an editor. In ten minutes Captain Crawford handed him the following poem):

What do I know? Poor little me,
I need a microscope to see
What I do know;

The overflow
Of nature's riches, all aglow
And sparkling with the stars and dew;
I only know beyond the blue
I cannot see.

Poor little me.
What do I know? I know but this:
I know my ignorance is bliss
Most wisely planned.

I understand
That tow'ring pines and mountains grand
Are dear and beautiful to me;
Beyond their peaks I cannot see,
But God is there,
And everywhere,
And this is good enough for me.

THE BRONCHO

I am saddest when I'm gladdest
And I'm gladdest when I'm sad;
I am maddest when I'm baddest,
And I'm baddest when I'm mad.
But my sadness and my badness
With my madness all combine,
Just to fertilize the gladness
In this broncho soul of mine.

I would rather be a broncho
With a lightnin' disposition,
Than a goody goody smooth one,
Who for suckers goes a-fishin'.
For the broncho shows his colors
An' he reaches out behind him,
An' you know just what's a comin'
When you undertake to bind him.

He is not a goin' to stand for
To be roped an' throw'd an' bottled,
To be bridled, cinched an' saddled,
An' unmercifully throttled;
An' he'll buck and kick like blazes
Just for all that there is to him,
You may break his heart and kill him,
But you never can subdue him.

What's the reason, do you ask me?
Ask the chump as does the ropin'.
He'll admit a pound of sugar's
Worth a hundred pounds of dopin'.

An' it's well the broncho knows it,
An' resents it when you bleed him;
But with smiles an' lumps of sugar—
Why, a little child can lead him.

INSPIRATION

I scale imagination's dreamy heights
And soar away beyond all earthly sights
And seek at Nature's best such nourishment
As only comes with harmonies so blent
With vision, that in childhood's fairyland
Were touched by magic of an unseen hand.

Thus seeing the unseen, imbibing more
Than ever was contained in richest store
Of literature, of poetry, or art,
Where mechanism forms the greater part—
While Mother Nature hides within her breast
The flaming torch of truth and with it best
Of inspirations, pure and undefiled;
I felt her touch when I was yet a child.

I dreamed the same sweet dream I'm dreaming now
And sometimes plucked a pansy from her brow,
"Pansies for thoughts," as sweet Ophelia said,
And through sweet phantom thoughts my dreams were led;
I wove it in a wreath of simple rhyme
And placed it on the brow of Father Time.

THE SONGS UNSUNG

Oh, I wish I could sing
The real songs that oft spring
From the musical depths of my soul;
There's a symphony there,
With a melody rare,
Sweetest harmony blending the whole.

Like a pæan it seems
As it thrills through my dreams,
When the harp of my soul starts to play,
But the instant I sing,
Like a bird on the wing,
It trembles and flutters away.

Oh, I wish I could sing,
When the bells start to ring
The chimes that come soft through the air;
When the birds and the bees
Hum and sing in the breeze
And sweet life surges through, everywhere.

In the breeze as it floats,
I can hear the true notes,
To catch them I eagerly try;
Then I hum it again
Till the sweet minor strain
Is turned to a tear or a sigh.

HYMN OF NATURE'S GREED

There's a glint of glory gleaming,
There's a flag of love outstreaming
O'er the stronghold of the ramparts of your soul;
There's a flag of truce uplifting,
Clouds of care are passing—drifting,
There's a haven where the troubled waters roll.

Cheer up and be glad,
Let the dead past be sad,
All hail the bright sunbeams today;
In your soul there's a light
That will burn through the night,
And drive all the dark clouds away.

There's a wondrous depth of feeling
We are wrongfully concealing;
Can't you feel it in the thrilling of your soul?
What you need is reconstruction
And a roborant eruption
Of the glory you are striving to control.

Mother Nature's hand is reaching—
You can hear her voice beseeching
That you, her child, will but her laws obey.
If you're man enough to face her,
Don't abuse her but embrace her,
She will heal your wounds and make your heartstrings play.

IT DOESN'T PAY

"What's gone and what's past help, should be past grief."
—*Shakespeare.*

We should thank the bard of Avon for this truthful
sentiment;
His wisdom, his philosophy, with sunny humor blent
Have conquered many a sorrow—made light of many
a care,
And turned the gloom of worriment to sunlight clear
and fair.

I love to steal his thunder, when it rumbles in my soul;
The flashes of his lightning oft light me to my goal.
And thus, while I reflect him, in my simple, rustic ways,
Some rustic folks may read him, who could never read
his plays.

Because their understanding, undeveloped, cannot grasp
What their souls may drink with pleasure, if I open up
the clasp
In a simple transformation or a rustic bas-relief.
"What's past and can't be mended should, indeed, be
past all grief."

So I ask of you, my brother, or my comrade, does it pay
To cloud your splendid intellect with what has passed
away?
To dwarf the possibility of reaching yonder goal—
To handicap your genius with wet blankets on your
soul?

Get wise, my friend, let wisdom take the place of false
pretense;
There's only one thing needful, that's a bit of common
sense.
If you'll only make an effort you'll get it right away,
And your answer to my question will be, "No, it doesn't
pay."

A TRIBUTE TO OLD GLORY

O beautiful emblem on Liberty's tree!
O Star-Spangled Gem of the Land of the Free!
I love thee, Old Glory, with love that is true
And as pure as the stars in thy heavenly blue.
There's no flag like my flag; there's no flag like thine,
O patriots, countrymen, comrades of mine!
'Tis kissed by God's breezes, by angels caressed,
Beloved by the North, by the South, East and West;
'Tis striped like the rainbow, like rays of the sun,
When twilight is fading, and moon has begun,
And each brilliant star shooting out when unfurled
Sends flashes of hope to the oppressed of the world.

A BIT OF DOGGEREL

The most faithful dog that I ever knew,
Most lovable and kind and true,
Was a yellow cur, tender and brave,
Whose great heart broke on his master's grave.

MOTHER'S WAY

Whatever my soul may long for,
Whatever my eyes may see,
The simple faith of mother
Is broad enough for me.

For years and years, for months, from day to day,
In camp or field where rainbow-tinted spray
Rises in misty monuments on high,
To mingle with the dewdrops in the sky,
I've heard a voice, sometimes in whispers low,
I've felt the feathery touch like flakes of snow
Descending when the stars were hid from view
And not a silvery spray in heaven's blue;
And yet beyond it all I saw a light
That pierced the Stygian darkness of the night,
And, though my tired eyes were closed the while,
I saw the jeweled eyes—the tender smile
That midnight gloom nor snowy clouds could smother;
I heard—I felt—I saw the face of Mother.

Oh, peaceful sleep that comes with thoughts like this.
That whispers peace, and bids me rise to kiss
The rod administered by unseen hand!
Nor do I try to think I understand.
I only know, that as I sit me here
And note the soft, low whisperings in my ear,
That somewhere there's a Master of my mind
That I can see and worship, though I'm blind,

And while He thus dictates—I'll have none other,
But God of Faith, and Hope, Sunshine and Mother.

God is good and good is God,
And God and good together
Will keep us clean unsight unseen
Throughout life's changing weather.

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee, God, the Giver of all good,
For Peace and Justice, strenuous truths uniting—
For giving us that glorious Man who stood
Between the lines and stopped inhuman fighting:
For bounteous harvests, strong heroic souls,
Who dare to follow him we call our Teddy—
For truth and honor where Old Glory rules;
For statesmen unafraid, true, strong and steady.

God speed the truth, let Justice reign supreme—
Let Labor, Law and Loyalty combine
To make it real, our brightest, happiest dream
Of Liberty and Love and God's Sunshine;
And when Thanksgiving Day returns once more
May Peace and Plenty, strolling hand in hand,
Go on and on toward a richer shore,
While Song and Laughter echoes through the land.

And echoing from every hill and glen
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,
AMEN.

GOD'S ANTEROOM

THE GRAND CANYON OF ARIZONA

O canyon, grand and wild and free!
You've got a lariat on me.
My soul is broncho-busted, too,
My hat is off. I bow to you,
Almighty Hand, who cut this brand
That broncho souls can understand.

I gaze in awe and silence here;
I want to laugh, I find a tear
That irrigates the soul I feel.
O Mother Nature, I would kneel
And clasp and kiss thy mighty hand
And worship in this temple grand.

What's that you say, you silly dude?
Such sentiments are weak and crude?
God! Yes, to brainless things like you,
Whose soul no greatness could imbue,
To see, or feel, or understand
God's mighty hand.

You go to Europe, do you not?
Because you worship God, I wot—
Yes, fashion's god, a foolish dame,
And yet you love her just the same.
And bow and worship at her shrine—
How different this God of mine!

Almighty scar on mountain crest!
My soul seems waking from the tomb,

And I, a mite on Nature's breast,
I never knew, I never guessed,
But now I know what is, is best,
And this is God's own anteroom.

O Mother Nature, hold my hand
And steady me a little while,
That I may feel and understand
This awe-inspiring sight so grand,
God's greatest, most impressive brand
Clean-cut, and deeper than a mile.

And now I see the lightning flash,
I hear the thunder roll and crash,
While echoes through the canyon dash
'Mid heaven's tears.
O Mother Nature, hold me tight
While fall the shadows of the night;
My trembling soul is all afright
With holy fears.

Almighty scar! Almighty Hand
That smote thee, who can understand
And who describe this wondrous land
Beyond compare?
Can mortal paint the flower's perfume,
Or see beyond the mystic tomb,
Or e'en describe God's anteroom,
So wondrous fair?

THE SHADOW OF A CURSE

I saw it first when roses bloomed
  Upon the cheek pressed close to mine;
When in her arms I laughed and crooned,
  And I, a bit of God's sunshine,
Was sent to seal her woman's love—
  To bind her closer to her fate.
No trusting, cooing turtle dove
  Was ever truer to her mate.

I saw it as a toddling child,
  Nor knew the cause of mother's tears,
Till later—reckless, though, and wild,
  I shared in all her hopes and fears.
I saw it snatch the crust of bread
  From lips of starving child, and then
I saw it lay its victims dead,
  In home and church and prison pen.

I saw it in the humble cot
  Amid the towering pines afar;
I saw it in degraded sot,
  A libel foul of what we are.
And stalking through the busy marts
  Of towns and cities every day,
You'll find it breaking tender hearts
  And dooming manhood to decay.

You'll see it drive away the blush
  That steals a halo to the cheek,
And in its stead a burning flush
  Will change with shame the pure and meek.

It comes in spite of woman's tears,
In spite of mother's strong appeals,
And hearts, deep sorrowing for years,
Are crushed 'neath its relentless wheels.

It comes to murder innocence—
To torture ere the final blow—
To hold its victims in suspense,
While knowing death is sure, though slow.
And while misleading mother's boys,
With painted sirens for a bait—
Poor fool! he plays with the decoys,
And pays the cost, alas! too late.

It comes to dig a million graves
Of noblest men God ever made.
Great hearts and brains are quickest slaves,
And easiest started down the grade.
Of all the plagues that ever spread,
And all the instruments to slay,
None ever claimed so many dead
As Demon Drink can claim to-day.

And yet, if people would but think
Of all the bitterness and woe
That come from the foul fountain's brink—
With aching hearts and heads bowed low,
They would suppress this crying curse,
And make our country grandly free,
Increasing wealth and brain and purse,
And truly give us liberty.

A PLEA TO THE BOYS

My most sincere and earnest prayer
  Is not for wealth or fame—
And yet my castles in the air
  Keep growing, just the same.
And if at times I sigh for wealth—
  I say it frank and true—
I want not riches for myself,
  But for the good 'twill do!

And what I want to do—and do
  When fortune favors me,
Is just to find a boy or two
  And tell them earnestly,
Impressed with all sincerity,
  Which boys can understand—
Recount with all austerity
  The truth at my command.

I like to talk to reckless boys—
  The black sheep and the rest,
About the sorrows and the joys
  Of roughing it out West.
And how a thousand boys or more
  On false dime-novel trails,
Who ran away in days of yore,
  Are now in Western jails.

Oh, if the boys will only heed
  The truth, that I know best,
I'm sure they never more would read
  Those nightmares of the West.

And all the long-haired scouts who claim
They took scalps by the score
Have lied—they only gained their fame
As showmen, nothing more.

Suppose you found a rattlesnake
Coiled up beside his nest;
You wouldn't pick him up and take
His snakeship to your breast?
Well, boys, the man who signs his name
To stories such as these
Will strike and sting you just the same.
Don't read such nonsense, please.

And so, dear boys, my daily prayer
Is not for wealth or fame;
But I must do and I must dare
A lot, in honor's name.
And all I ask is for a chance
To prove this lesson true;
My broncho soul with joy will dance
When I can talk to you.

Some day I mean to organize
A juvenile crusade,
With honest hearts, and sunlit eyes,
"Determined, unafraid,"
To march to Washington en masse,
And there unmask the fakes—
To pray our lawmakers to pass
An act to kill the snakes.

THE HARVEST

When your head is bowed in sorrow
And your soul is out of tune,
When the prospects of to-morrow
Are behind a veil of gloom,
Can't you see the light beyond it—
Just a glimmer of the prize?
Keep a groping and you'll find it
Just a blessing in disguise.

Did you ever climb the mountain,
Weary, sore-foot and afraid
You would never reach the fountain
On the summit in the shade?
Then a sudden glint of glory
Seemed to flash before your eyes,
And the sequel to the story—
'Twas a blessing in disguise.

Courage is the only asset
That will conquer in the fight
If you have the will to mass it
On the lines of truth and right.
And when at last victorious,
From the conflict you arise,
You'll reap a harvest glorious
From your blessings in disguise.

SOME BRONCHO PHILOSOPHY

I wonder is it perfume of the flowers I'm smelling now,
Or the laurel being woven—will it fit my sun-tanned brow?
And I wonder will they bring it while life's vistas onward spread,
Or wait, before they fling it, till the heart is cold and dead?

It is not so much the roses or the laurel that I crave,
But the sunshine of the friendship and approval of the brave
Who are not afraid to speak it and to grasp a fellow's hands
When he's slipping cogs and sinking in the world's uncertain sands.

That's the time to fling the lasso, with a wreath upon the rope.
Let its coils of strength encircle some poor struggler's ray of hope;
For the moment that you yank him where his feet will hit bed rock,
There's a heap of good set going and a premium on your stock.

And I can not help believing that the sunny smiles we fling,
The bits of fun we scatter, with the songs we love to sing,
Are the harbingers of blessings on the scrimmage line of hope
That will light the trail with sunshine as we journey o'er life's slope.

MOTHER'S PRAYERS

(Written under a pine tree in the Black Hills while Chief of the Black Hills Rangers in June, 1876.)

In the dreary hours of midnight,
When the camp's asleep and still,
Not a sound save rippling streamlets,
Or the voice of whippoorwill,
Then I think of dear, loved faces,
As I steal around my beat—
Think of other scenes and places,
And of mother's voice so sweet.

Mother, who in days of childhood,
Prayed as only mothers pray;
"Guard his footsteps in the wildwood,
Let him not be led astray!"
And when danger hovered o'er me,
When my life was full of cares,
Then a sweet form passed before me,
And I thought of mother's prayers.

Mother's prayers! Ah! sacred memory,
I can hear her sweet voice now,
As upon her deathbed lying,
With her hand upon my brow,
Calling on a Saviour's blessing,
Ere she climbed the Golden Stairs.
There's a sting in all transgressing,
When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here I tell the story
Why my boyhood's days were sad,

Is there not some boy before me
Who will make a mother glad?
Swell her heart with fond emotion,
Drive away life's bitter cares,
Sign and keep the pledge for mother—
Heed, oh, heed her earnest prayers!

Oh, my brother, do not drink it,
Think of all your mother said;
While upon her deathbed lying—
Or perhaps she is not dead;
Don't you kill her, then, I pray you,
She has quite enough of cares;
Sign the Pledge, and God will help you
If you'll think of mother's prayers.

KIT CARSON

(ADIOS, COMPANERO)

Adios, dear old hero, in peace may you slumber,
Adown the near banks of the old Rio Grande;
We think of your daring with awe and with wonder,
As near to your tomb now uncovered we stand.

A rude, simple tablet, a plain slab of marble,
Is all that your comrades have placed o'er your grave,
Sleep on, loyal heart, while the wild songbirds warble
An anthem of praise to the deeds of the brave.

The veil of the future your brave soul has riven,
To drink in the sweetest, celestial joys;
In advance you have taken the trail up to heaven
To locate a camp for the rest of the boys.

AT THE MISSION DOOR

A little newsboy, weeping, stood
  Outside the Waif's Retreat;
A shaggy dog, his only friend,
  Was crouching at his feet
With attitude of perfect trust,
  And tender, lovelit eye.
I saw the boy bend o'er him
  With tear-wet cheek and sigh.

I asked him why those bitter tears;
  He turned away his head,
And answered: "Dere's me only frien'
  Since dad an' mam is dead.
An' dose folks in de Mission say
  Dat Tip—he can't come in;
Dat lovin' of a dog like dis
  Ain't notin' but a sin.

"Well, boss, I don't know notin' much,
  But say, when mudder died
Tip foun' me at her grave at night,
  An' laid down by my side;
An' when I cried dere all alone
  His head was on my knee,
An' somethin' in his eyes jes' said
  He'd be a frien' to me.

"Now, boss, you look into dem eyes,
  An' say if he can't speak.
I tells yer, Tip's a gentleman,
  If he ain't nice and sleek.

He don't snap like no low-down cur,
  His ways is high an' fine;
An' when I t'ink how good he is
  I'm mighty proud he's mine."

Tip seemed to feel his master's praise,
  He looked so very wise,
As though some sad, imprisoned soul
  Were shining through his eyes.
I took the boy's brown hand in mine
  And wiped his tears away;
I told him that no nobler friend
  Had man on earth to-day.

Both boy and dog crept to my heart,
  And they have now become
The sunshine of my cheerless hearth,
  The blessings of my home.
And all that I shall ask of Him
  Who keeps the heavenly log—
May I be worthy that boy's love,
  The friendship of his dog.

A SUNSHINE BOOMERANG

When a bit of sunshine hits ye,
  After passing of a cloud,
When a bit of laughter gits ye
  An' yer spine is feelin' proud,
Don't forgit to up and fling it
  At a soul that's feelin' blue,
For the minit that ye sling it
  It's a boomerang to you.

THE SCOUT'S RETREAT

A cubby hole a-sittin' on a crest,
An' scraggy peaks a-pointin' to the sky,
A mountain lair, above an eagle's nest,
A runnin' brook, a cataract close by,
An orchestra by Mother Nature led,
A herd o' deer a-browsin' at my feet,
God's shinin' gems a-sparkle overhead—
And evening vespers in the Scout's Retreat.

Almighty King of kings and Lord of lords,
The lonely scout an' hunter hears thy voice;
How with the birds an' bees an' brooks it chords,
An' earth an' heaven get closer to rejoice;
Nor pomp, nor pride, nor hypocritic zeal,
Nor padded pews, nor soft and springy seat,
Are needed where there's nothing to conceal
From Him, who watches o'er the Scout's Retreat.

IF YOU SHOULD DIE TO-NIGHT

Suppose that you should die to-night;
Just stop and think and hold your breath—
Remember, there is just one wink
'Twixt you and Death—old sure-thing Death.

Suppose that you should die to-night;
Would someone miss a sunny ray?
Would someone kiss the face of clay?
Would someone watch and pray?

Suppose that you should die to-night;
Would some dear heart with love for you
A drop impart of heaven's dew,
For friendship that was branded true?

Ah, yes, if I should die to-night,
I know that some my smile would miss;
Some little waif might kneel to kiss
The hand that signs my name to this—
If I should die to-night.

GREETING

When your rainbow of hope, be it near or afar,
Is throwing its searchlight on you;
When you feel that the gate of success is ajar
And the star in hope's crescent peeps through,

Don't leave a poor brother or sister behind,
There are many hard pulls on life's slope;
And some weary brother, nearsighted, might find
His star through your own telescope.

And sometimes a word or a look or a touch
Of nature, that makes us all kin,
A smile, or a slap on the back, will do much
To help modest merit to win.

Come, join me, O, ye who have struggled and won
Just a mite, with a smile and a tear,
And hark to the voice that will whisper, "Well done,"
And enjoy a real happy New Year.

A MESSAGE FROM THE DEAD

We were playmates. Little Tommy
Was the sweetest, brightest boy
I had ever known, the object
Of his mother's pride and joy.
I had oft heard people saying
"He will make his mark some day";
And I saw that mother praying
When they led her son astray.

I remember—oh, how vivid
Comes the picture that I saw—
When I found my comrade, Tommy,
In the clutches of the law;
And a broken-hearted mother
With a dry and anguished eye
Kissed her darling boy at parting
When she left him, but to die.

Cigarettes— they were the starter,
Then dime-novels with their curse;
Then 'twas wine and wicked women
Leading Tom from bad to worse,
Till at last he died in prison
In a felon's narrow cell,
And he bade me give the warning
Of the road that leads to Hell.

Boys, I wish that I could tell you
While the tears are in my eyes,
Of the snares set to entrap you,
By the false pretense and lies

That are told by men you worship
In your honest innocence,
And the papers help to boom them
In their vicious false pretense.

This is just a simple story,
But, so help me God, 'tis true;
And my dying comrade, Tommy,
Bade me tell it straight to you.
Will you heed this honest warning
When to-night you go to bed?
Think it over and remember
It's a message from the dead.

LINES TO L. L.

August 29, 1910

I bow in homage at thy shrine,
Dear, brilliant pard and friend of mine.
Unselfish, undismayed,
You lighten many a weary woe,
And scatter sunshine as you go,
You keep my broncho soul aglow,
Unroiled and unafraid.

Though words of mine could never tell
All that within my heart doth dwell,
I know you understand
What I would say—my heart's intent;
I thank the Lord that He has lent
Your gentle presence, and has sent
Your loyal, guiding hand.

SUNSHINE

I never like to see a man a 'rastlin' with the dumps
'Cause in the game o' life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss
As takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss.
There ain't no use o' kickin' and swearin' at your luck.
You can't correct the trouble mor'n you can drown a duck.
Remember, when beneath the load your sufferin' head is bowed,
That God 'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And lookin' like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holler "how dy do?"
And grasp his hand so warm he'll know he has a friend in you,
Then ax him what's a-hurtin' 'im, an' laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day.
Don't talk in graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God 'll sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain,

And that's just how it ought to be, for when the clouds
roll by,
We know just how to 'preciate the bright and smilin'
sky.
So learn to take it as it comes, and don't sweat at the
pores
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
But always keep rememberin' when cares your path
enshroud,
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

A BRONCHO'S PHILOSOPHY

A NEW YEAR'S "POME"

Don't blame the world. It's better
Than the man who wants to be
A somebody, but lives to save
The undertaker's fee.
For surely he's a dead one
On our strenuous preserves.
A wooden coat, six feet of earth,
Is all that he deserves.

Now, this is my advice to you—
But have you got the sand
To buck against temptation,
And to play a winnin' hand?
If so, then shake! God speed you on;
You'll win, just persevere,
And if you've never been a man,
Begin with the New Year.

A MEMORY

WHEN BILL NYE COME TO HIGGINSPORT

Pap read it in the Weekly Spear
  To all us folks not long ago,
'At old Bill Nye was comin' here
  To give his great, unequalled show;
An' then he sort o' laffed an' said
  'At folks would git their money's worth
Fur he would bet his bottom red
  It was the greatest show on earth.

Then all the boys just buckled down
  To make enough to take us in,
A-doin' chores around the town—
  By jinks, we worked like mortal sin
A-choppin' wood an' shov'lin' snow,
  An' doin' jobs of every sort,
Fur we was bound to see the show
  When Bill Nye come to Higginsport.

Pap said he was the queerest cuss
  'At ever breathed the atmosphere,
An' showed his photygraf to us,
  Tuk just a purpose fur the Spear.
By jucks, we all jest laffed outright,
  An' mam, she helt her sides an' squealed—
On top his head was jest as white
  As any tater ever peeled.

Pap said 'at Bill was in the war,
  But never had to march a bit—

They had 'im in the signal corps,
An' when they thought 'twas time to quit
The fightin' fur a while, pap said,
They'd fetch 'im out an' turn 'im loose,
An' when the rebels seed his head
They knowed it was a flag o' truce.

Pap said 'at once a big cyclone
Come howlin' round where Bill was at,
An' he just stood up on a stone
An' lifted up his ol' white hat.
The cyclone stopped an' fetched a yell,
Then had a awful laughin' fit,
An' somehow tuckered out until
It couldn't blow another bit.

When pap an' mam an' sis an' me
Went down to Parker's Publick Hall,
I honest was afraid 'at we
Could never git inside at all.
It beat camp-meetin' times the way
The folks was crowdin' at the door—
I never seed a circus day
Wake up the town like that afore.

The folks inside was mighty nigh
Like sheep a-cuddlin' in the storm,
But I pushed through up close where I
Could see the funny cuss perform.
But goshamighty! wa'n't I sold
When Mister Nye come out to act,
Fur all the stories pap had told
Were forty million miles from fact.

He didn't wear show clothes at all,
  He didn't dance, he didn't sing,
His doin's wasn't what I call
  A public show at all, by jing;
He hadn't one dissolvin' view,
  He didn't on the tight rope walk—
I swear to gosh he didn't do
  A 'tarnal thing but grin an' talk.

A SERMON TO MYSELF

(OR TO YOU—IF IT FITS)

Don't be blue—just be true
  To yourself and smile.
Don't you know the clouds will go
  In a little while?

Have some grit—up an' git!
  What's the recompense—
Fret and stew! keepin' blue,
  Lackin' common sense?

Take it cool. Whoa, you mule,
  Kickin' like a steer!
Half your trouble's but a bubble:
  What you got to fear?

Friends are honey when you've money,
  Otherwise they're few.
Then, dod rot it, PLAY YOU'VE GOT IT—
  And you'll git it, too.

DOES IT PAY?

It's easy enough to be funny,
  It's easy enough to be glad,
When the larder is flowing with honey
  And the body in comfort is clad;
And it's easy enough to be frisky,
  To frolic and laugh and be gay
While you drink to your sweetheart in whisky,
  But tell me, my boy, does it pay?

It's easy enough to be jolly
  When out for a lark with the boys,
And away from dear mother and Molly,
  Who'd share all your sorrows and joys.
And it's easy enough to deceive them—
  Their sweet, loving hearts to betray;
But it's selfish and brutal to grieve them—
  And tell me, my boy, does it pay?

But it's easier far to be truthful,
  Straightforward in all that you do.
Keep your heart and your soul always youthful,
  To mother and sweetheart be true.
And, boys, let me give you a motto,
  To keep in your heart every day—
Though you drive a wheelbarrow or auto
  Whatever you do, make it pay.

THE REPORTER

Don't turn him down—don't scare and fret,
  But greet him with a shake and smile;
And if you're proper stuff you'll get
What's coming to you, and you bet
  He'll do you justice all the while.

But if you're tough—though debonair
  And dainty in your style of dress—
And if you meet him with a glare,
And undertake to shed some swear,
  And say you've nothing to confess—

Well, say! he'll skin you every clip,
  And smooth you down as slick as wax;
And with his oily, practiced lip,
He'll surely get you on the hip,
  And on you grind his little axe!

But if you'll only reason right;
  Perhaps he wants to make a scoop,
And you can help him in his flight—
He needs more tail to fly his kite,
  Why, get in with him—loop the loop!

Just give it to him, right offhand,
  Because he's bound to get it—see?
The whole wide world is his grand stand—
He won't be left nor balked nor fanned
  By tenderfoot like you or me.

And thus you find him every day,
With bulldog grit and lots of gall;
And when he comes he comes to stay,
And every shot's a winnin' play;
Don't chew the rag—play ball!

TO MY BOOK

There's not a soul in all the land
But loves a song and story;
And surely all can understand,
The humble poor, the rich and grand,
Some little verse, some simple strand
May lead to fame and glory.

Some hungry soul, bowed down with care,
May pick you up and read you;
For hungry souls are everywhere,
And grief and woe, and dark despair,
For really happy hearts are rare,
And souls there are that need you.

Then go your way, my little book,
I care not for the lucre.
Just scatter sunshine in each nook,
By roaring stream, by babbling brook,
There's not in all the land a spook
But you can play and euchre.

A YULETIDE BOUQUET

TO YOU, MY FRIEND

From out the larder of my soul,
  Where nature's mystic posies blend
With fruits and flowers I fill love's bowl,
  And serve it warm to you, my friend.

I cull the sweetest, wildest flowers,
  Soft-tinted as the rainbow spray,
And fling to you from nature's bowers,
  To mingle with December gray.

These are but echoes of the past,
  To music set in memory's chimes;
The silken nets that love has cast
  To catch the sunshine of my rhymes.

And isn't it sweet that some kind deed—
  A memory throb, a God-sent tear—
Oft comes to cultivate the seed
  That we are sure to sow each year?

And so, I'm flinging this bouquet
  Of thankfulness and love to you;
Sweet buds of reciprocity,
  Besprinkled with affection's dew.

And with the cheerful, gay Yuletide,
  This is the hopeful wish I send:
That love of God and man abide
  With you and yours, my faithful friend.

THE ELK AND HIS MISSION

Come, stately-stepping, noble, grand
And lordly elk, and take command;
For truly thou art king and head
Of every other quadruped
That ever stalked the forest wide,
Or roamed the plains from tide to tide.
A thousand thousand bear thy name,
Not half so pure, nor near so tame

As thou, O Monarch of our land!
And I, a broncho in the band,
Humble, but having followed you,
I would be honest, brave and true;
With head erect and eyes aglow,
With that fraternal overflow
That comes to irrigate the soul
When Mother Nature has control.
I feel her touch, I catch the strain,
And I am with her once again.

Let's take a faltering brother's hand,
And when he fails to understand
The blessings—sometimes in disguise—
The blanks that oft precede the prize,
That come to test his fitness for
Some mighty trust, some mission, or
Some greater struggle, when the test
Will rack the soul and spoil his rest:
Ah! then's the time to take his hand
And try to make him understand.

And when at last he sees the light,
Through gloomy caverns of the night,
And glints of gladness glorifies
The soul that's peeping through his eyes,
Sometimes a word, a look, a smile,
Will tell you it is worth the while.

He sees the sunshine through his tears,
He laughs at all his fretful fears,
And thanks the great Exalted, who
Has made him brave and strong and true;
And when his eyes are clear of mist,
He finds the rod that he has kissed
Upholding him, and points the way
To help some other wayward stray
Adrift upon the Sea of Sorrow—
And points him to the brighter morrow.

BET YOUR LAST DOLLAR ON IT

TO THE B. P. O. E.

If his eyes are ever sparkling with the jolly light of fun,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
If his tongue is ever ready with a story or a pun,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
If he slaps you on the shoulder in fraternal sort o' way
And asks you how you're makin' it in life's uncertain play,
And casts some sunshine in your skies if they are gettin' gray,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.

If he walks the streets with snappy tread an' independent air,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
If he smiles and snaps his fingers in the threat'ning face o' care,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
If he tells you his religion is the good old Golden Rule,
Fears not that his hereafter will be anything but cool,
An' if he at hypocrisy kicks like a Georgia mule,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.

If his ears are ever open to the cry of sore distress,
You can bet your bottom dollar he's an Elk.
If he reverences womanhood, in silks or shabby dress,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
If his pocket 'round the edges is by frequent usage frayed,
By the visits of a ready hand to lend the worthy aid,
And by thanks of beneficiary he feels that he's repaid,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.

In short, if you should meet a man who is a man all through,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
A man who does things on the jump when there are things to do,
You can bet your last round dollar he's an Elk.
A man who love's his country's flag next to his faithful wife,
A man who courts good fellowship and shies away from strife,
You need not be a bit afraid to bet your bloomin' life
Right with your last round dollar he's an Elk.

THIS AIN'T POETRY—IT'S GOD'S TRUTH

Don't dilly-dally when you know you're right.
Don't count the cost in case you have to fight—
As fight you must, if you would dare assail
The outlaws that will camp upon your trail
And lay for you, like cowards that they are,
Too cunning to declare an open war.

Perhaps religion's cloak may serve to blind
The people for a time; but you will find
That strength of character and spinal grit
Will win against deceit and polished wit;
Nor rank, nor pull, nor high exalted station,
Nor brains, nor form, nor bogus reputation
Can stand against the strenuous, staunch and steady,
Brave, true and honest followers of Teddy.

To Hades with the frenzied finance tricks!
His army has increased since nineteen-six
Despite the millions, billions that's behind
"The House of Lords," the senate—senile kind,
May influence some, there's those who can't be bought;
And even senatorial thieves are caught
Like what's-his-name—convicted, thank the Lord—
Convicted, yes, and killed; they can't afford
To live—and that is why that one who died—
Was just a simple case of grafter's suicide.

THE SUNSHINE TRAIL

There's a world of satisfaction
In this broncho soul of mine.
Though I haven't got a dollar
Of my own, I'm feeling fine;
For I've just got down to bed rock,
And the nuggets that I find
I scatter with the sunshine,
On the trail I leave behind.

With a stomach like an ostrich,
And a glorious appetite;
With a God-sent reciprocity
That greets me every night,
When with love and song and laughter
Hope and charity combined,
I scatter wads of sunshine
On the trail I leave behind.

Brother, mine, the Eldorado
Where your soul will strike it rich,
You will find in waifs of Slumville
And your brothers in the ditch.
Shed your kids and patent leathers,
To all ridicule be blind,
For there's millions in the sunshine
On the trail you leave behind.

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER JUDGE

Christ died for men and so did he—
The sweetest soul I ever knew,
And when he grasped the hand of me,
His honest, laughing eyes of blue
Dispelled the clouds from out my sky,
And warmed the chill from off my heart;
And when it comes my time to die
I pray we won't be far apart.

But if there is a gulf between
The Father and the wayward stray,
His love will tell what might have been,
And Christ will open up the way.
And, true as there's a God above,
I know with all my heart and soul
That all who suffer for the love
Of truth will reach the heavenly goal.

Not for a creed or circumstance
Would he a helping hand refuse;
Nor pomp, nor power, nor great finance
Could change his broad and noble views.
He saw his duty. Who can tell
How much we loved him in the West?
But He, who doeth all things well,
To his tired soul has whispered, "Rest."

When last I gazed into his face—
His dear, dead face, so truly kind,
A halo seemed to light the place,
For God had left the smile behind.

And hardy miners bowed their heads
And outlaws wiped a tear away,
And fever patients in their beds
Were conscious of a loss that day.

God's martyr—His adopted son—
He died, dear friends, for you and me;
He surely died as Christ had done
In love, in truth, in poverty.
I crave not wealth nor care for fame,
Nor wealth nor fame do I begrudge,
But, Lord, permit me once again
To clasp the hand of Father Judge.

I'VE GOT THE BRAND

Look where the eagle builds his nest,
Far up on yonder mountain crest
And where his young in safety rest—
Without a care.
Look where the eagle plumes his flight
And soars above the highest height,
Where starry vigils pierce the night—
God's face is there.

Look deep into the deepest dell,
Look deeper still where angels fell,
And in the depths of deepest hell
And black despair.
Look straight with eyes that know no fear,
And you will see and feel and hear
The unafraid who love to cheer—
God's face is there.

Oh, brother mine, and sisters, too,
Love's lariat encircles you.
Don't stretch your good face out o' true;
Give me your hand.
You're just a wayward maverick stray;
Drive superstitious ghosts away,
And join God's brotherhood to-day—
And take the brand.

God's brand! Why, every little flower
That blossoms in His richest bower
Is branded with His wondrous power
And mighty hand.
And thus in everything I see,
From bursting buds to tallest tree,
God's face is peeping out at me—
I've got the brand.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON

Fair daughter of a noble sire,
I thank thee from my very soul;
And all I wish for or desire,
The height to which I would aspire,
Is where he signs God's muster roll.

For men are few who died like him,
And men are few who lived so pure,
But they who try to follow him
With truth their motto, lamps all trim,
Will read their title clear, I'm sure.

And yonder where eternal peace
And love shall reign forevermore,
The man who said, "Let us have peace,"
And he who said that "War must cease,"
Are comrades on the other shore.

God! how I pity those who hate
The bravest of the blue and gray,
And fearlessly I dare to state
That such as they were always late
Or from the battle far away.

God bless the "Reb" that shot me down,
The very thought rolls out a tear,
For such as he will wear a crown
While Hell will do the coward brown
Who did his fighting in the rear.

Sweet daughter of my noble friend,
Among the "Yanks" in Hampshire's hills,
Besides the simple verses penned,
These honest sentiments I send
With no aristocratic frills.

OUR COUNTRY

Our Country more than ever blessed,
Our Flag by North and South caressed,
Our purpose that our love increase
For TRUTH, FIDELITY and PEACE.

TRIBUTE TO MY OLD PARD, "TOM" WALSH

We first clasped the hand of friendship in the stirring
old Black Hills days,
When men stood shoulder to shoulder repelling the mad
forays
Of red men, in paint and feathers, resisting intruders
bold
Who threaded the plains by thousands, drawn thence
by the lure of gold.
Ah! those were the days of heroes; brave men took
their lives in hand,
Dared all of the border perils in reaching the sought-
for land;
Men strong in their rugged manhood were those of that
early day—
For cowardly ones never started, and the weaker ones
died on the way.

With the valorous Black Hills Rangers together we
rode the trail
Protecting the hardy miners who toiled in the gulch or
swale,
Repelling the savage Indians who swarmed in the hills
around
While the magic City of Custer was rising up from the
ground.
And in all of that band of Rangers there was none more
heroic than he
Who has passed from earth's busy whirlpool to the
peace of eternity,
And yet with his rough-clad comrades he was lovable,
gentle, mild,

The heart in his bosom tender as heart of a woman or child.

Then widely apart we drifted, as barks on a restless sea,
And the days when we toiled together remained but a memory;
He anchored in Port of Riches, I drifted with many a tide
Till on current of chance I floated again to my comrade's side.
He basked in the Sun of Fortune, I still just as poor as when
In the early days of the border we battled with savage men.
Yet wealth had not changed his nature nor cooled the love of my chum—
The clasp of his hand was hearty; he yet was the same old Tom.

Together we sat as comrades and talked of the days of old,
When we toiled in the hills out yonder in search of the hidden gold;
Told stories and laughed together as we did on many a night
Ere we sought for rest in our blankets in the campfire's flickering light.
Between us the hand of fortune had raised no barrier high,
He yet was the same true comrade as when he was poor as I.
The door of his home was opened, and warm was his welcoming hand

As if it were offered in greeting to the greatest man
of the land.

The heart that was stilled forever when he sank to
eternal rest
Was as kind and noble as ever was housed in a human
breast;
And the news that his gentle spirit from the Earth-
land had winged away
Left a sting in the hearts of thousands of friends of
the early day.
Though shaft of the purest marble o'er his silent sleep
may arise,
And point as consoling finger towards his home in the
arching skies,
A token of love more sacred will be cherished in every
heart,
By the comrades of old who knew him in reclaiming
the West took part.

TO MY WINCHESTER

Sweetheart of mine,
For years thy loyalty has proven true
As is the steel of which thou are created;
There are no fickle vanities in you,
Thy constancy might well be emulated
By beauteous sweetheart of a softer mould,
Whose eyes gleam love on every new adorer,
Who bends the pliant knee to god of gold
And blesses every knight who bows before her
At Cupid's shrine.

My pretty pard,
As loyal helpmate thou hast ever stood
Facing with me the dangers placed before us,
Faithful 'mid trying scenes of war and blood
As when the skies of peace shone clearly o'er us;
'Mid all the trying hours of olden days,
When peril threatened, thou hast never failed me—
Loyal wert thou in many deadly frays,
When painted foemen wickedly assailed me,
And pressed me hard.

Thou art not sweet
In disposition unto all, my dear;
To some thou art most spiteful in thine anger—
Many have fled in abject fright to hear
Thy ringing tones in war's resounding clangor.
Although thy face may gleam with polished smiles,
Thou art a spitfire when the scene is fitting,
And gone are all thy sweet coquettish wiles
When foes of mine their battle powers are pitting
In war's mad heat.

I love thee, dear,
And love of loyal man was never placed
Upon a more deserving, true companion,
In Western wanderings, when peril faced
Our daily life, on plain, in gloomy canyon.
My trust in thee has never been betrayed,
True as thy tempered steel I've always found thee,
In scenes of danger I was not afraid
Though savage foemen lurked in rocks around me,
For thou wert near.

Come, dear one, fling
Thy moody silence off, and lift thy voice
In song as in the days now gone forever;
For all the dangers past let us rejoice,
I'll beat the time with thy quick-acting lever.
Sing in thy wildest tones, let not a note
Be sweet and soft as note from tender woman;
Sing as thou didst when from thy fiery throat
We hurled defiance at a foe inhuman.
Sing, sweetheart, sing!

THE MOUNTAIN BOY'S LETTER

When General U. S. Grant returned from his trip around the world in the year 1878, "The Color Guard" was produced at the California Theatre, in San Francisco, under the auspices of Lincoln Post, G. A. R. The cast included Mr. Thomas W. Keene and entire California Theatre Company, as also Captain John Wallace Crawford, who had been especially requested to play the part of "Bob Mason" by Mr. Keene, who wanted a "natural interpreter" for the part.

General U. S. Grant, Mrs. Grant, Colonel Fred. Grant and John Russell Young occupied a box at the California Theatre at this performance, and during the course of the dialogue Mr. Keene said to Captain "Jack": "I understand since the war broke out you've had an eruption of poetic fire, and that the boys had you write a letter to General Grant. You know the General has just returned from his long tour of the world, and I'm sure he'd be glad to hear it." Captain Crawford, as "Bob Mason," replied: "If you-uns are satisfied with we-uns' doggerel, all right." Then throwing his rifle across his shoulder and stepping to the front of the stage and saluting General Grant, he recited this dialect poem:

Dear Gin'ral:
I ain't no great scholar,
An' I never done nothin' to brag,
'Cept this, I was one of the outfit
As fought for our Star-Spangled Flag.

An' today, while yer toasted by scholars,
An' big guns as make a great noise,
Why, I thought it the square thing to write you
An' chip in a word from the boys.

'Cause, yer see, we ain't got the collat'r'l,
Nor the larnin' to dish it up right;
But you'll find should thar' be any trouble,
Our boys are still ready to fight.
As fur you, if they didn't corral you,
You'd shake comrades' hands that you seed,
An' that's why I wanted to tell you
We'll jest take the word fur the deed.

But you're back, and the men of all nations
War' proud to do honor to you,
An' I reckon, Ulysses, you told 'em
You war' proud o' yer comrades in blue.
For you, we are sure, of all others,
Remembered your boys in the ranks,
Who follered you into the battle,
An' gallantly guarded the flanks.

So welcome, a thousand times, welcome;
Our land is ablaze with delight;
Our people give thanks for your safety—
Your comrades are happy to-night.
We know you are weary and tuckered,
But seein' as you're a new comer,
You'll Grant us one glance on this line, if
In readin' *"it takes you all summer."*

The above poem was telegraphed across the continent, and appeared in Grant's "Tour of the World," published in Chicago, and, with the exception of Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee," is the only poem ever wired from ocean to ocean.—Will L. Vischer, in the Denver *Tribune*.

IF I BUT COULD

If I could clothe each jeweled thought
That comes to me from Nature's bowers
In classic language, such as taught
Away from western woods and flowers,
If I could sing the sweet refrains
That in my soul in silence cluster,
From many a heart I'd strike the chains,
And give the star of hope new lustre.

If I could scatter all the gems
That light my soul in darkened places,
Could pluck the hope-buds from their stems,
And wreathe them o'er despondent faces,
If I but had the power to stay
The blighting hand of pain and sorrow
The human flowers that wilt to-day
Would raise their heads and bloom to-morrow.

If from the Master Hand above
To me the longed-for power was given
To change all bitterness to love,
Of every earthly hell make heaven,
The lowering clouds would quickly flee
Before the light which followed after,
And every wave of Life's broad sea
Would gleam and shine with sparkling laughter.

TO ONE OF GOD'S QUEENS

MRS. H. S. K.

When first I took your hand in mine,
And looking in your eyes to see,
A something there almost divine,
Was pictured in the soul of me;
And as you whispered sweet and low,
"The boys will bless you and rejoice,
Because of love that you bestow,"
I thought I heard my mother's voice.

And as the balmy days were spent,
In praise and prayer and soulful song,
My heart was full and sweet content
Lit up my soul and made me strong;
And when I saw upon your cheek,
A mirrored gem a-sparkle there,
I surely heard an angel speak,
And saw my mother's face so fair.

God bless you, dear, kind, gentle soul!
If He should call you ere I go,
As through the pearly gates you stroll
You'll meet my mother there, I know.
And she will surely show you through
The Lord's domain, and give you joy,
Because of friendship pure and true
You gave to her wild wayward boy.

HOWDY, TEDDY? HOWDY DO?

Written for his ranch friend, Colonel Roosevelt

Howdy, Teddy? Howdy do?
How's the world bin usin' you?
How'd yer strenyusness come on
All the time that you've bin gone?
Gee, but yer a-lookin' good,
Seemed to thrive on jungle food,
Or was it yer right smart bit
O' huntin' makes you look so fit?

Read 'bout yer doin's there,
Where the wild beasts make their lair,
Roamin' round through jungles and
Trampin' over desert sand
Till the native niggers swore
You was IT, and then some more;
Made 'em stir their stumps a few
Tryin' to keep in sight of you.

Read how you in strenyus way
There in London made a play;
One that sort of made 'em sit
Up and notice things a bit.
By a dextrous turn o' wrist,
Give the lion's tail a twist
Till the critter howled, an' its
Keepers throwed a bunch o' fits.

Kep' close cases on you, Ted,
Through the stories that we read,
An' we got, I'm free to say,
Prouder of you every day.

An' we're glad to see you back,
Red an' yaller, white and black,
Stretch a hand to welcome you,
Howdy, Teddy? Howdy do?

TO ANDREW CARNEGIE

(Lines written on the fly-leaf of Crawford's Broncho Book of poems, which the author presented to his friend, Andrew Carnegie.)

I have no regrets to offer
With this Broncho Book I proffer
To the greatest Educator in the world,
I am free and independent,
And a lineal descendant
Of "Scots wha hae" who Freedom's flag unfurled.

I'm not begging; I'm not preaching,
But my Broncho soul is reaching
For the fearless, reckless boys misunderstood;
Some have genius, just like Andy,
Some need books, advice and candy,
But Andy lacking all of those made good.

Well I'm no sae far behind ye,
But I'm no a-braggin', mind ye,
Tho' I'm richer far than you can ever be,
For you never found such pleasures
In your richest, rarest treasures,
As I find in these wee gems God gave to me.
Christmas, 1908.

A SCOUT'S GREETING

TO GENERAL WESLEY MERRITT

(Published with the following lines in The Boston Sunday *Post,* February 14, 1897:

"The following poem by Captain Jack Crawford, the poet scout, was written on the train on his way back East recently, and sent to the Loyal Legion of the West members in St. Paul, where it was read at a reception given in honor of their newly-chosen leader, General Wesley Merritt, U.S.A. Captain Crawford was appointed chief of scouts by General Merritt during the Sitting Bull campaign, just after the Custer massacre on August 24, 1876. In the following September Crawford carried the New York *Herald's* special message from Slim Buttes to Fort Laramie, 350 miles, in three and a half days, killing two horses and outriding five relays of couriers. For this he was paid $500 and expenses.")

Dear General:

My duty trail is leading
On toward the borders of the sunrise land,
And as along the gleaming rails I'm speeding,
My brain is flashing rhymings to my hand.
The warmest admiration prompts this greeting—
My admiration for a soldier true,
Whose record as a warrior is meeting
To-night a tribute from the boys in blue.

When treason with uplifted hand was dealing
Its hardest blows against the Union's breast,
And loyal leaders eager were appealing
For succor from the North and East and West,
Your bright sword flashed responsive to the slogan,
And with the heroes now beneath the sod,
Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, Logan,
You took your stand for Liberty and God.

Your record in the fray needs no recalling,
'Tis known in every household in the land—
When shot and shell like hail were round you falling,
Like man of iron you led your brave command.
On many a field your prowess in the battle
Inspired your men to deeds of Spartan mould,
And led them on undaunted 'mid the rattle
Of cannon where the war waves fiercest rolled.

When that great fratricidal war was ended,
Your warrior heart yet sought new fields of fray;
From out the West appealing cries ascended,
Where enemies, more fierce than those in gray,
With wild ferocity were madly sweeping
Amid the settlers of the Western plains,
And flames from hard-earned homes, were wildly leaping
Into the air o'er sacrificed remains.

Through all the savage wars you rode undaunted,
And scattered terror to the redskin foe—
Where'er the flag of Merritt's troopers flaunted,
The bugle notes of victory would blow.
In rains and snows, through trials and privation,
You hung with stern persistence to the trail,
Until the Indian foe in consternation
Threw down his arms beneath your leaden hail.

We of the buckskin loved you and admired you,
For well we knew on every bloody field,
The valor of a warrior true inspired you
With arm of steel the gleaming sword to wield.
O'er all the savage trails we rode together,

Through mountain pass and o'er the sandy plains;
In burning suns, or winter's fiercest weather,
The same warm patriot blood coursed thro' your veins.

To-night, with loving comrades gathered 'round you,
When joy and pleasure hold despotic sway,
We absent ones recall the ties which bound you
Close to our hearts in many a savage fray.
And as you listen to the friendly greeting
Of comrades, as the merry moments fly,
Let but one thought o'er the back trail go fleeting
Unto the buckskinned boys of days gone by.

God bless you, General, and scatter pleasure
With bounteous hand along your trail of life;
May floods of sunshine, copious, without measure,
Beat back each threatening cloud of care or strife;
And when your honored sword is sheathed forever—
When hand of death has cut the earthly tie—
May angel escort guide you o'er the river,
Safe to the great headquarters up on high.

CAMP FIRE SPARKS

When 'round the camp fire comrades sit,
In open air or canvas tent,
The chambers of each heart are lit
With sparks of fun and sentiment.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

TO MRS. M. M. B.

Dear friend, what a halo of sunshine and glory
  Your womanly wisdom wove into my soul.
With clear intuition you brought out my story,
  And somehow my life seemed just then to unroll.
Thank God for the love-light that sometimes is given,
  That opens the windows of glory to me;
That gives to my peepers a glimmer of heaven
  And pours oil of peace on a troublesome sea.

Thank God for the influence—essence of sweetness—
  That reaches my soul with a carol and thrill;
Thank God for the wonderful way, the completeness
  In which He is guiding me over life's hill.
Oh, thank Him, ye men, for that moment of giving
  A helpmate to guide your weak steps through the
    world;
She makes every moment more worthy of living
  And points to the flag of ENDEAVOR unfurled.

Thank God for the influence—essence of sweetness—
  Though falter your feet over forbidden way,
That hold you and love you, while praying—caressing,
  And follow your pathway where'er it may lay,
So leaving our sorrows to heaven's adjusting,
  Come stand on the plane where no tempter can dope,
Where womanhood places us, loving and trusting—
  The up-turning, deep-winding highway of Hope.

OUR ROOSEVELT

Hail, Columbia's grandest son,
Theodore, the strenuous one,
Lincoln, Grant and Washington,
All combined is he.

Since the King of Peace is dead,
Prince and King is Yankee Ted;
Grander hero never led
Truth to victory!

Manhood's greatest, grandest flower,
Honored by each earthly Power
Is Roosevelt, hero of the hour,
Champion of the free.

Strains of blood from Huguenot,
Sturdy Dutch and brawny Scot,
His ancestors nobly fought—
Fought for liberty.

Absolutely undisguised,
He all graft and tricks despised;
He's honored, toasted, lionized,
By the entire world.

May the Power that made him great,
Keep him sane and safe and straight;
Captain of our Ship of State—
Glory's flag unfurled.

World's Ambassador of Peace—
All inhuman wars must cease;
May your power for good increase,
While we follow you.

TO MIRIAM

Conceived in love, as pure as God's ozone,
Sired by a King, a princely thoroughbred;
Cradled in perfect trust on Love's blest throne
Where Truth is all aflame and Fear is dead.

With industry abloom, God in command,
True hearts to love and guide her on life's way;
I look into her eyes and understand
The classic chimes of Love's sweet, soothing lay.

O God, I thank Thee for the pure, sweet love
That comes to me from such a child as this;
Her voice so like the cooing of a dove,
Her smile so like the sun's first morning kiss.

And as she grows more queenly day by day,
More like the mother flower, whose soul imparts
Those brilliant gems that sparkle in love's spray,
God make her like the mother—Queen of Hearts.

TO MARK TWAIN

December 25, 1909

("Dear Mark Twain: On Xmas Day when my heart went out to you in your sorrow I scribbled the enclosed lines;—— although no words could express the deep sympathy I feel.")

Congratulations on your grit,
Your bravery when hardest hit—
We've only got to wait a bit
For Death's tattoo,
And after taps a new delight—

He doeth all things well and right—
God's reveille will reunite
Your Jean and you.

Else why the wondrous love you feel,
The sorrows you can not conceal?
Christ came again today to heal
Your wounded heart.
Look up, brave soul, be not afraid,
Be not discouraged nor dismayed—
God knows that you have always played
An honest part.

THE MAN WITH THE PICK AND THE DRILL

(Read at the Mining Congress and dedicated to "The Butte Miners' Union," Sept. 2, 1902.)

I love the man with the pick and drill
And courage that knows no fear;
The hero bold, in search of gold,
With the hope-star ever near,
To see him climb the mountains high
And dig in the deepest dell,
Inspires me through with a love so true
That I want to whoop and yell.

I love the man with the pick and gun,
The real old pioneer,
Who lived on greens and toothsome beans,
And the lordly elk and deer;

The man who followed the Empire's star
On its onward western flight;
Who never flagged and never lagged,
And slept with his gun at night.

I love the man who is greater far
Than the ten-time millionaire
Whose millions are the fruits of war
And a monument of despair;
Who schemes to rob his fellowmen,
Legitimately unjust,
And then cahoots with his chum galoots
To form an ungodly trust.

I love the man who strikes it rich
After toiling many years;
His wealth is clean as a sunny beam
And unstained by blood and tears;
He wrongs no man; old Mother Earth
Surrenders to her kings
Her wealth untold of precious gold,
And God and Nature sings.

I love the kings of Mother Earth,
Uncrowned though they may be;
And manly men in gulch and glen
Who died for you and me,
Are wearing brighter laurels now
Than all the titled peers
Of wealth and state, however great,
Whose riches came with tears.

TO MRS. KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD

(Who was one of the original organizers of the Woman's Relief Corps, Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic. Just after her retirement from the position of President of the W. R. C., I had the honor to recite one of my poems in her presence, and she took the badge of office from her own bosom and pinned it to mine. This touching circumstance called forth the following):

PERHAPS

(TO OUR G. A. R. GODDESS, COMRADE KATE B. SHERWOOD)

Perhaps, beloved goddess, you never will know
The joy and the pride that inflated my soul
That night when you pinned your own badge on my bosom—
That night when my heart wrote its name on your roll.

Perhaps it was weakness that made my eyes glisten,
While looking in thine, rather misty, I ween,
While a warrior's soul and the heart of a woman
Were drifting in sight of our comrade, Pauline.*

Perhaps, after all, 'mid the strife and commotion,
The worry and fretting of life's busy throng,
The soul will ride over the tempest-tossed ocean
And anchor where angels and sunshine belong.

Perhaps in God's army our missing will gather,
Unknown will be known when they answer their names;
Not one be unseen by the all-seeing Father,
Though sleeping in woodland, in mountain and plains.

And oh, what an army of heroes will muster
When Gabriel's trumpet shall call to review,
And near to the throne in a hallowed cluster
Will stand one grand army—the Gray and the Blue.

Perhaps the great chieftain will have a reunion,
And oh! what a camp fire the angels would see—
Grant, Jackson and Sherman, and Hancock and Gordon,
With Buckner and Johnston and Logan and Lee.

Perhaps each would tell of the heart's honest promptings
That bade them take arms on the side they thought right,
And the great Chief of all will make plain why He willed it
That comrades and brothers each other should fight.

Perhaps He will point to the emblem of freedom,
As out o'er the dome her broad stripes are unfurled,
And say to those chieftains, those battle-scarred heroes,
"Your work made that banner enlighten the world."

And, Kate, if the Lord will detail me to find it,
Your crown will be brighter than any I know;
With sunshine in front and with starlight behind it,
I'm sure it would light up this world here below.

*Paul Van Deervoort, Past Commander-in-Chief and honorary member of the Woman's Relief Corps.

EMBLEMATIC

(Written for and dedicated to the Masonic Fraternity of the World. Suggested by Dr. Walter C. Miller, Augusta, Ga., 1909.)

The coming years may bring to you success,
The victory laurel wreath may deck your brow,
And you may feel Love's hallowed caress,
And have withal domestic tenderness,
And fortune's god may smile on you as now;
And jewels fit for eastern potentate
Hang over your ambitious heart, and Fate
May call thee "Prince of Men," or "King of Hearts."
While Cupid strives to pierce you with his darts,
Nay, even more than these, with coming light
Your feet may press Fame's loftiest dazzling height.
And looking down upon the world below
You may exclaim, "I cannot greater grow."
But, nevermore, O worthy brother mine,
Can innocence and purity combine
With all that's sweet and tender here below,
As in this emblem which I now bestow.

'Tis yours to wear throughout a life of love,
And when your spirit wings to realms above
'Twill with your cold clay rest beneath the sod,
While breeze-kissed flowers whisper of your God.
O, may its stainless, spotless surface be
An emblem of that perfect purity
Distinguished far above all else on earth
And sacred as the virtue of the hearth,
And when at last your naked soul shall stand
Before the throne in yon great temple grand.

O, may it be your portion there to hear
"Well done," and find a host of brothers near
To join the angel choir in glad refrain
Till Northeast corner echoes come again,
Then while the hosts in silent grandeur stand,
The Supreme Builder, smiling, in command,
Shall say to you to whom this emblem's given,
"Welcome art thou to all the joys of Heaven."
And then shall dawn within your 'lightened soul
The purposes divine that held control—
The full fruition of the Builder's plan—
The Fatherhood of God—The Brotherhood of Man.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY

IN THE HIELAN'S O' NEVADA TO THE SONS OF CALEDONIA.

Awa' ye brawny sons o' Scotland,
  Up the banks an' doon the braes;
Through the Hielan's o' Nevada,
  Sing your sangs o' ither days.
This is no rich Gowrie's valley,
  Nor the Forth's fair sunny side.
Nor the grand auld rugged mountain,
  Faither o' the classic Clyde.

Yet just for a while imagine
  Ye are back on Scotia's shore;
'Mang the grouse on hill or heather,
  Whaur the Hielan' waters roar.

Or perhaps in glens o' brecken
Whaur the Doon an' Afton rin,
Thinkin' o' your Robby's courtship,
By the licht o' bonnie minn.

Noble, brave, unselfish poet,
Dinna slicht him 'mid your joys;
Fill an' drink tae him a bumper—
He was Nature's bard, my boys.
First o' Scotland's famous freemen,
Spurnin' Lords and Monarch's crown;
Far ower honest tae be schemin'—
Bobby Burns; boys, drink her down.

Ride ance mair wi' Tam o' Shanter
'Till the wutches arch your hair;
Smile at Hornbrook's vaunted weesdom,
Sigh at Holy Willie's prayer.
Prie the he'rty, sonsie Haggis
Ere ye rise tae gang awa'—
Let the Louse an' Mouse thegither
Teach us lessons big an' braw.

Up in Heaven wi' Hielan' Mary
Burns noo sings a sweeter sang,
Dootless wearin' brichter laurels
Than the men wha did him wrang.
"Scots wha hae," methinks I hear it—
Hoo sic sparks o' genius shine—
At your picnic drain this bumper,
"Bobby Burns an' Auld Lang Syne."

SAVIOR OF MY SOUL

I am hoping, Savior, hoping,
While for strength on Thee I call;
I am waiting, Lord, and groping—
Groping—lest I slip and fall.
I am hungry for the message,
Let it reach my soul today;
Let the sunshine of Thy glory
Drive these clouds of doubts away.

O Savior of my soul, I do adore thee;
Thy precious blood will cleanse me and restore me,
I have wandered far away,
But I'm nearer Thee today—
O Savior of my soul, Thou wilt restore me.

I am coming, Savior, coming,
On the wings of Faith I fly;
In my soul love's music thrumming,
For the clouds are rolling by.
O, the sunshine, love and laughter,
Faith has made me whole today,
'Twill be joy and peace hereafter,
Since all doubts have passed away.

O Savior of my soul, I do adore thee;
hy precious blood was given to restore me;
I have wandered far away,
But I'm nearer Thee today—
O Savior of my soul, that ruleth o'er me.

THE MUSIC OF LIFE

A RECITATION TO BE RECITED TO MUSIC

MUSIC—*"London Bridge Is Falling Down."*

I.

How sweet, how fair is the dawn of life,
In the world with woe and folly rife,
To hear the ring of childish song,
  As burden-heavy we trudge along—
And backward, through the vanished years,
  In childhood's dreams forget Fate's frown,
Our hearts join in the children's play,
  When "London Bridge Is Falling Down."

II.

MUSIC—*"Come, My Love, the Stars Are Shining."—"Old Madrid."*

O'er "London Bridge"—how short the span
'Twixt child and maid, 'twixt boy and man!
The tender song from maiden lips,
  Like harp-strings 'neath Love's finger-tips
Is Love's own heaven-born gift of song,
  As its wings first flutter in earthly flame,
Ere its tune grows false and its rhythm wrong,
  And Man—not Love—is all to blame.

III.

MUSIC—*"Rock-a-Bye Baby," or "Sleep, Baby, Sleep."*

But sweeter far in the noon of life,
The song of the fairer, happier wife

As she croons to her babe a lullabye
That ringeth a song of joy on high.
She finds a solace for every care
  In the rich reward of Motherhood;
The fervent answer to every pray'r;
  The vessel that holdeth all of good.

IV.

Music—*"Rock of Ages."*

But when the night and storm comes on,
And wife and mother bows alone,
When Fate has carried all away
Who filled that happier, brighter day;
With none to trust and all to fear,
  'Tis then her faith and strength we see,
As through the storm her voice rings clear,
  "O, Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me."

V.

Music—*"Nearer, My God, to Thee."*

And thus with calm, unfurrowed brow,
To where the deeper waters flow,
Guided by unseen hands along,
Turned to the highest praise her song—
Fearless of rock, of hidden reef,
  Up, as the lark, swift-winged, will flee,
Her song will rise, through joy, through grief,
  "Nearer, Oh, Nearer, God, to Thee."

SERENADE IN THE HILLS

There are joybells in the drilling
While I'm shooting through the hill.
There is music in the hammer
As it bounces from the drill;
And at every stroke I'm thinking
What the next discharge will do;
Will it bring me luck and fortune?
Will it bring me back to you?

CHORUS

Love grows strong in the mountains, my own,
Hearts in the wild woods are true;
Men grow kind and tender, dear heart,
And my heart is sighing for you.
Wait for me, dearest, I need your love,
Your trust you never shall rue.
A prayer and a tear, for your absent one, dear
To bring me to mother and you.

When I hear the night-birds singing,
Near my little mountain home,
When the stars are all a-twinkle
In the blue of Heaven's dome,
When the evening tasks are over
And there's no more work to do,
Then I find my soul is singing
Tender serenades to you.

CHORUS

Love grows stronger in the mountains, my own,
Hearts in the wild woods are true;

Men grow kind and tender, dear heart,
And my heart is sighing for you.
Wait for me, dearest, I need your love,
Your trust you never shall rue.
A prayer and a tear, for your absent one, dear,
To bring me to mother and you.

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP

(Written while alone in the San Mateo Mountains, New Mexico, and while Chief of Scouts under General Edward Hatch, on the trail of Victorio, the Apache chief, and his murderous band.)

Near the camp-fire's flickering light
In my blanket bed I lie,
Gazing through the shades of night
At the twinkling stars on high;
O'er me spirits in the air
Silent vigils seem to keep
As I breathe my childhood's prayer,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Sadly sings the whippoorwill
In the boughs of yonder tree;
Laughingly the dancing rill
Swells the midnight melody.
Foemen may be lurking near
In the valley dark and deep;
Low I breathe in Jesus' ear:
"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

'Mid those stars one face I see—
One the Savior called away—

Mother, who in infancy
  Taught my baby lips to pray;
Her sweet spirit hovers near
  In this lonely mountain brake.
"Take me to her, Savior dear,
  If I should die before I wake."

Fainter grows the flickering light
  As each ember slowly dies;
Plaintively the birds of night
  Fill the air with saddening cries;
Over me they seem to cry:
  "You may never more awake."
Low I lisp: "If I should die,
  I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

Now I lay me down to sleep;
  I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
  I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.

NORA LEE

A SONG

I have watched the roses blooming,
  Know the violet's lovely hue,
And daisies like the starlight,
  As they sparkle with the dew;
I have looked upon the lilies
  And the flowers of every tree,
But none are half so pretty
  As my blue-eyed Nora Lee.

CHORUS

She is sweeter than the violets,
  She is fairer than the rose;
Her eyes are soft and tender,
  And her cheek with beauty glows.
Oh, I never can forget her,
  Though she never thinks of me;
I love that blue-eyed beauty—
  Little darling, Nora Lee.

To my prairie home I'm going,
  With my comrades brave and free,
And yet where'er I wander
  Those blue eyes will follow me.
I shall see them in the camp-fire,
  They will sparkle in the dell,
And in the rippling streamlets
  I shall hear that last farewell.

CHORUS

She is sweeter than the violets,
  She is fairer than the rose;
Her eyes are soft and tender,
  And her cheek with beauty glows.
"God bless you, Jack, God bless you!"
  Were the words she whispered low;
I thought 'twas heavenly music
  From her throat as white as snow.

FAITH

A HYMN

TO MRS. MC KINLEY, IN MEMORIAM

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I am standing on the border
  Of the bright Celestial land,
And I see the heavenly sunlight
  Dancing on the golden strand;
There I'll meet the blessed Saviour
  And will take His guiding hand—
I shall camp with Him in glory in the morning.

REFRAIN

In the morning, in the morning,
With the halo of His love my soul adorning;
  I am clinging to His hand,
  I shall know and understand,
When I meet my blessed Saviour in the morning.

I am waiting for the summons
  That shall call me to my own,
I am nearer to my Saviour,
  And my faith has stronger grown;
I can see my loved companions
  And my dear ones near the throne—
I am coming, blessed Saviour, in the morning.

O! the glory of possession
  Of the simple faith that clings
To the sheltering Rock of Ages,
  And the peace of love it brings

Is the crowning song eternal
That my soul in rapture sings—
I shall see my loved Redeemer in the morning.

RESIGNED

Ah'm a-croonin' to de baby
Jes' a little ebenin' song;
Ah'm a-rockin' ob de cradle,
Kase his mammy isn't strong;
Fo' she's been a-workin' steady,
She's mah honey, good and kind,
An' Ah kain't do much to help her
Or de bäby, fo' Ah'm blind.

CHORUS

But Ah'm hopin' and Ah'm gropin'
An' Ah'm singin' all de while,
An' it sort o' cheers mah honey
When she sees me wid a smile.

Ah'm a-whistlin' to de baby
As Ah hol' his little han',
An' Ah pray de Lord to watch him
Till he gits to be a man.
An' when clouds a-hover over
An' de win's a-howlin' strong,
Ah rock-a-bye ma baby
An' Ah sing ma little song.

CHORUS

THE KEYSTONE OF THE UNION

PENNSYLVANIA

O Sov'reign State, thy name we hail,
Our hearts aglow with patriot pride,
Thy praises ring in ev'ry vale,
From ev'ry lofty mountain side.
We love thy rocks, we love thy rills,
Thy fruitful fields and rivers broad,
We love thy old historic hills,
Whose winding paths our fathers trod.

CHORUS

O Mighty State; O Sov'reign State,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O Keystone of the Union.

Deep in each mountain's wounded side,
Hid from the sun's enliv'ning beams,
In gloomy caverns dark and wide,
The lamp of toiling miner gleams.
A million hearts their labors cheer,
Their product spreads o'er land and sea,
It gladdens homes in ev'ry sphere,
And drives the wheels of Industry.

CHORUS

O Mighty State; O Sov'reign State,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O Keystone of the Union.

When war's alarm swept o'er the land,
And treason's hand on Sumpter fell,
Thy loyal sons with valor grand
Upheld the cause they loved so well.
On many a field with crimson stained,
And on the ever restless sea,
Thy honor well their arms maintained,
Thy flag they bore to victory.

CHORUS

O Mighty State; O Sov'reign State,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O Keystone of the Union.

We honor those who fought and bled
When duty called our warrior braves;
We bless the mem'ry of the dead,
Now sleeping in their honored graves.
Should e'er again the trumpet sound,
And guns in angry discord roar,
Thy loyal sons would rally round
The flag their sires so nobly bore.

CHORUS

O Mighty State; O Sov'reign State,
Thou bulwark of our land so great,
To thee our love we consecrate,
O Keystone of the Union.

MY LITTLE NEW LOG CABIN IN THE HILLS

A PARODY

(Written at Custer City, in the Black Hills, in the spring of 1876, for Dick Brown, the banjo player, and sung by Dick and I, the miners joining in the chorus, in the camp and in the cabin.)

In my little new log cabin home my heart is light and free,
While the boys around me gather every day,
And the sweetest hours I ever knew are those I'm passing now,
While the banjo makes sweet music to my lay.

CHORUS

The scenes are changing every day, the snow is nearly gone,
And there's music in the laughter of the rills;
But the dearest spot of all I know is where I love to dwell,
In my little new log cabin in the hills.

While the birds are sweetly singing to the coming of the spring,
And the flow'rets peep their heads out from the sod,
We feel as gay and happy as the songsters on the wing
Who are sending up sweet anthems to their God.

CHORUS

Then let us work with heart and hand and help each other through
In this pretty little world we call our own,
Whether building or prospecting—yes, or fighting with the Sioux,
For 'tis hard sometimes to play your hand alone.

CHORUS

THE IRISH LOVER

I left a little colleen in the isle beyond the sea—
A pretty blue-eyed maiden, who is all in all to me;
She said ere I took shippin' for far across the sea:
"Oh, don't forget your other heart is waitin'."

CHORUS

Sure you're a part o' me, Rosie, sweatheart o' me,
Rosie the pride o' me, bride o' me heart;
I will be true for you, what won't I do for you,
Never, oh, never again shall we part.

Her letter I've been readin' an' it's blurred across with tears.
"Sure, Denny dear, it seems as if you're gone a dozen years.
But don't ye be uneasy, for I haven't any fears;
You won't forget your other heart is waitin'."

CHORUS

Sure you're a part o' me, Rosie, sweetheart o' me,
Rosie the pride o' me, bride o' me heart.
I will be true for you, what won't I do for you,
Never, oh, never again will we part.

The ship will soon be sailin' an' I'm coming back asthore,
I'm coming wid' yer passage an' I've got a good dale more;
I've got a pretty cottage, an' there's room enough for four,
So darlin', I won't keep ye longer waitin'.

CHORUS

THE HEAVENLY TELEPHONE

When baby Bess knelt at my knee to say her evening prayer,
She cutely asked me if it went by telephone up there.
And wondered why the Master didn't answer right away,
Just as her papa answered from the office every day.
Next morn I found her at the 'phone, tiptoeing on a chair
And crying, "Hello, Central," and with such a roguish air
She said, "Now, mamma, go away; this talk is all my own.
I want to ask Dod if he hears the pray'rs I telephone."

In one short week our baby lay upon her dying bed,
And ev'ry heart seemed breaking, as in feeble tones she said,
"I'm going up to Heaven, where the little angels play.
And I will be an angel, too, if I can find the way;
But, mamma dear, I'm 'fraid I'll be so lonesome when I go,
Because I ain't acquainted with a soul up there, you know;
But if you'll kneel down by my bed, I'll try real hard to wait
Until you telephone to God to meet me at the gate."

The baby's wished-for message from a bleeding heart was sent,
And then her spotless spirit to the heavenly mansion went.

There at the pearly gates I know the loving Master stood
To welcome her with gentle smile as she so hoped He would.
Her prattling voice forever will be ling'ring in my ear,
And when I miss her toddling step and all seems dark and drear,
I seek the quiet churchyard, where we laid her 'neath the sod,
And kneeling by her little grave, I "telephone" to God.

COME BACK, PAPA

My heart was bowed down in sadness,
My soul was all dark with despair,
When a voice with a ripple of gladness
Came floating to me through the air—
The voice of a little one ringing
Like joybells from over the lea,
And this is the song she was singing:
"Oh, come back, dear papa, to me!"

CHORUS

"Come back to me, oh, come back to me;
Mamma and Dolly are watching for thee.
Come back, dear papa, from over the sea;
Mamma and baby are waiting for thee."

My arms were soon folded around her,
She snuggled close up to my breast;
I blest the dear spot where I found her,
And carried her into our nest.

And while 'round my neck she was clinging,
The sunburst of love seemed to be
Aflame in the soul that was singing,
"Oh, come back, dear papa, to me."

CHORUS

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA

There's a song that I sing when my soul is aglow
With the rapture of love undefiled;
When the wealth of the world I would gladly bestow
For the innocent laugh of a child.
When alone in the mountain a bright, shining star
From God's jeweled crown seems to peep,
While someone is holding the gateway ajar,
I sing, "Mother, rock me to sleep."

CHORUS

Rock me to sleep, let me dream of my childhood,
Back to the mountains and fountains and wildwood.
Dear mother in heaven, thy sweet song repeat
And rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep.

There's a song that I sing when my soul is in tune
With the birds and the flowers and the bees,
And green buds are sprouting and blossoms of June
Are lading with perfume the breeze.
At night, when unbidden, my troubles appear
And sometimes I nervously leap,
I just keep repeating, "Dear mother is near,"
And then I sing, "Rock me to sleep."

CHORUS

THE OPTIMISTIC WARBLER

Sing a cheerful song, or whistle
If you don't know how to sing,
And remember that the thistle
Beats the daisies in the Spring;
That the gloomy clouds of sorrow
Which o'erhang your sky today
Will unfold a bright tomorrow
When the clouds have passed away.

CHORUS

I'm an optimistic warbler
And I whistle, laugh and sing,
Bringing gladness out of sadness
With the sunshine that I fling.
While a heap of satisfaction
Snuggles underneath my vest,
As I laugh and sing and whistle
Ere I lay me down to rest.

Oh, I wish that I could muster
On the heights of Nature's crest,
A great army that would trust her
With its happiness and rest.
She would soothe their every sorrow,
And with chiming joybells bring
Floods of sunshine on the morrow
If they'd whistle, laugh and sing.

CHORUS

IN DONEGAL

Oh, would that I again a boy could be,
Roaming barefooted by the Irish Sea;
My world's so small,
Watching the flocks that grazed upon the shore,
Wrapped in the cast-off coat my father wore,
In Donegal.

I see myself, bareheaded in the breeze,
Wading the shoals, salt water to my knees.
The seagulls call
In wake of passing ships that greeted me,
En route to God's sweet land of liberty,
From Donegal.

Then comes a dear, loved vision on the strand—
A blue-eyed Irish lass who took my hand
In hers so small,
And said to me, in accents sweet and low,
"You'll ne'er forget the girl that loved you so,
In Donegal."

Oh, sweet and holy love of ten years old,
Mary of Donegal with hair of gold,
With rippling fall.
"Good bye, God bless you, little playmate, Jack.
You won't forget—some day you will come back
To Donegal."

Years passed—again I found me on the strand,
And I was just a boy once more—unmanned,
Bare feet and all;

I sighed for Mary as in days of yore,
But whispering waves made answer, "Nevermore!"
In Donegal.

HEARD IN THE CANE-BRAKE

Fo' de Lord, I's gwine ter hustle,
I's a pullin' fo' de shore,
Whar' de bridegroom am a-waitin'
Fo' to tote de shif'less o'er;
Whar' de weary am a-restin',
An' dar's sorrow never more
On de othah side ob Jordan in de mawnin'.

Oh, dar ain't no automobiles
In de Hallelujah Lan',
Whar' Jehovah's golden chariot
Am a-rollin' frough de san';
Whar de blessed Lawd am waitin'
Fo' to take yo' by de han',
On de othah side ob Jordan in de mawnin'.

Hallelujah! fo' de streets ob gold,
Whar' night am lak' de day,
Hallelujah! fo' dem golden harps
On which dem angels play,
Hallelujah! fo' de Lam' ob God
Dat wash ma sins away,
On de othah side ob Jordan in de mawnin'.

THIRTY YEARS AGO

Come, mother, put your knittin' down; you've done
enough to-night;
It isn't good for them old eyes to work by candlelight.
They ain't as flashy as they was some thirty years ago,
When at the old red meetin' house I first became your
beau.
The big pertracted meetin' was a runnin' at the time,
An' Preacher Giles's sermons jist a makin' sinners
climb;
The mourners' benches wouldn't hold the crowds that
forward went
To seek salvation from the Lord and o'er their sins
lament.

Up in the "amen corner" you would always take your
seat,
An' jine in with the singin' in a voice so master sweet
That of'entimes I've shet my eyes an' half imagined
you
War act'ally an angel sent to help the meetin' through.
I vum, but how "Amazin' Grace" a-rollin' from your
lips
Would make me feel like I war' witched, c'lar to my
finger-tips.
An' "Sinner Turn, Why Will Ye Die," you sung so
feelin'ly,
I swow it made me think you sung especially at me.

I reckon for a dozen nights I sot back near the door,
An' when the benediction come, I'd sweat from every
pore

Because I had determined for to offer you my arm,
An' ax if I might see you home, acrost your father's farm;
But when I'd take my place in line outside the little church,
An' seed you comin' through the door, my heart'd give a lurch,
An' thar' I'd stand dumb as a fool, an' swaller at the chokes,
Till you war half way down the lane along with all your folks.

I swan to goodness, mother, if it doesn't make me laugh
To think o' me a standin' thar', a great big bashful calf,
Without a spark o' courage fur to make a move, although
I didn't think you'd sack me, fur you had no other beau.
But one night I remember, I war' sittin' in the rear,
When Cyrus Hawkins nudged my arm, an' whispered in my ear,
"Jist watch me w'en the meetin's out an' you will see a sight—
I'm goin' to ax Jane Hall if I can beau her home to-night."

Jemina crickets! but them words just cut me like a dart,
An' it war' all that I could do to swaller down by heart,
An' then an 'there I silent vowed that I would be a lout
To let that slouchy, freckled fool step in an' cut me out.
So w'en the old doxology war' bein' sung, I crep'
Outside ahead of all the rest an' stood upon the step,

An' w'en I staggered up to you, a wobblin' at the knees,
You tuk my arm an' off we went as cosy as you please.

Do you remember, mother, how I never spoke a word
Till we war' nearly half way home? I swow it was absurd—
But then I'd never had a gal hitched to me that-a-way,
An' I'll be blest if I could think of anything to say.
'T war' you as broke the solitude, an' tried to start the talk,
Observin' 't war' a lovely night, an' splendid fur a walk,
An' if my memory sarves me right my 'tarnal bashfulness
Condensed my answer to a sort o' whispered, half-skeered "Yes."

Well, mother, 'twas a funny start, but bless the Lord above,
It ended in a double case of unresistful love—
When we got acquainted more I guess I talked as good
As any love-sick country boy in our hull neighborhood.
An' arter the revival broke I didn't stand no more
An' wait fur you, proud as a king, outside the church's door;
But then that didn't break us off, not by a plaguey sight,
Because I went a courtin' you most every Sunday night.

An' mother, do you mind that blessed day in early Spring,
When bees begun to hum around an' birds begun to sing?

I found you in the pastur' lot a milkin', an' I told
The story of the burnin' love that in my bosom rolled.
Jee-whiz! but how the milk did fly; you squeezed so
'tarnal hard
The heifer kicked the bucket nearly half acrost the
yard!
An' w'en I fetched it back again an' tuk you by the
hand,
Your look made me the happiest man in all this Yankee
land.

Fur thirty years we've jogged along the rugged road
o' life,
An' mother, you have bin to me a true an' noble wife—
Our old revival meetin' love hain't flickered out a bit,
An' though we're gittin' old an' gray, we're them same
lovers yit.
Your kisses now are just as sweet, an' full o' heavenly
dew
As them you give me at the gate when I was courtin'
you;
An' we will still be lovers w'en I clasp you to my
breast,
"Whar' the wicked cease from troublin', an' the weary
are at rest."

DOT LITTLE CRIPPLED BOY VOT DIED

(An old German cobbler in the coal fields grieving over the death of a little orphan cripple boy to whom he became greatly attached.)

I don'd vas feeling good von bit,
A great big lump vas in my neck,
Und ven I try to svaller it
It yust seems like my heart vould break;
Sometimes my eyes vas like a spoud
Mit tears I somehow don'd could hide,
Und I yust sit and fret aboud
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

He used to come my shoe-shop in
Und vatch me ven I drive dem pegs.
Und it yust make my heart ache ven
I see dem little crippled legs.
But he vas always schmiling mit
Dem big blue eyes so open vide,
Und nefer mind dot pain one bit,
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

I tol' him Deutschland stories, und
He laugh yust like dem angel dings,
Vot mit der picture books go 'round
Up yonder mit der schnow vite vings;
Und now my eyes vas all in schwim
Mit tear-drops dot I don'd could hide,
Because I got some love mit him,
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

Some day he don'd vould come, und den
I feel oll ofer black mit blue,

Und sighs vould shake my bosom ven
I tried to cobble mit a shoe.
Den I vould go out by my door
Und look about mit efery side,
My old heart yust was aching for
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

Vun time he don'd vas come for more
As most a veek—I don'd know vy—
Und vun day standing in de door
I see some funerals go by.
I ask von little bootblack who
In dot vite hearse vas took a ride;
Und he say, "Dutchy, don'd you know
Dot little cripple boy vas died?"

I feel yust like my heart vas sick,
Und nefer vant to beat some more.
I close my shop up pooty quick,
Und hang some black stuff on der door
Und den I t'ink, "Some day I go
Mit angels by dot oder side,
Und how den vas I going to know
Dot little cripple boy vot died?"

Dose little legs vill be all straight
In dot bright land so far avay,
Und ven I go in by der gate,
Vere all der little angels blay,
I vonder if I find him out.
Maybe he run avay und hide;
Vell, I don'd t'ink I shtay mitoud
Dot little cripple boy vot died.

THE OLD KENTUCKY RIFLE

I am crowdin' close to eighty, gittin' mighty near the end,
My hair is white and scattered, an' my back has got a bend.
I am shaky on my trotters, an' my eyes has got so dim
I kin scarcely see yon mountain that so of'en I have clim.
I've gathered up some treasures that I value mighty high,
An' thar's one which all the money of the earth could never buy.
Among my goods and chattels here I prize it more then all,
That ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar' ag'in the wall.

Its stock is scarred an' battered, an' its bar'l is full o' nicks,
Its lock is worn with sarvice till I scarce kin hear its clicks.
It's lost its shinin' beauty that it had when I was young,
But when it speaks it hasn't lost the sharpness of its tongue.
It was my lone companion when this country was a wild,
I love it dear as father ever loved a favored child.
An' I've seed some skeery moments when to me 'twas all in all,
That ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar' ag'in the wall.

Lots o' deer has fell before it; yes, an' many a panther, too,
In early days some injuns knowed about what it could do.
An' a squir'l's eye peepin' at me from the very tallest tree,
I could bu'st all into bits an' bring the critter down to me.
An' the Chris'mas shootin' matches, master mine! but wan'n't they fun?
An' I reckon I surprised 'em with the shootin' that I done.
Ev'ry turkey that I drawed on caught the vengeance of a ball
From that ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar' ag'in the wall.

I have seed the new inventions they are makin' now-a-days,
An' I own they're mighty slick in a variety o' ways;
They are han'some fur to look at, you kin load 'em with a snap,
An' you never have to bother with a flint-lock or a cap;
You kin shoot 'em mighty lively when you bring 'em to the scratch,
Never have to ram yer bullets, never have to cut a patch.
But fur close and hair-breadth shootin' I could one day down 'em all
With that ol' Kentucky rifle hangin' thar' ag'in the wall.

Thar's one thing makes me love it as I never did afore—
When I heard the ringin' summons callin' loyal men to war.
All the fire that nerved my daddy in the Revolution days
Got a surgin' in my bosom till my heart was all ablaze.
Then I shouldered that ol' rifle, filled my bullet-pouch with lead,
Put that ol' warm cap o' coonskin sort o' keerless on my head,
An' I offers them the sarvice of a mighty keen-eyed man
For to do some fancy shootin' under glorious ol' Berdan.

Through the bloody war I packed her, and I brought her home ag'in
Proud an' sassy o' the record that I tuk her in to win;
An' when age was creepin' on me an' I couldn't shoot no more,
With my shaky hands I hung her up to rest behind the door.
When this ol' an' worn-out body underneath the ground they hide,
I have asked 'em fur to lay it sort o' loving by my side,
An' when Gabriel blows his trumpet I'll march up'ard at the call.
Hangin' on to that ol' rifle over thar' ag'in the wall.

WHO THE HEROES WERE

You "never was scared in battle"? Here,
Old comrade, don't make a break like that!
The man never lived who was free from fear
When the vicious bullets began to spat,
And the cannons belched from their iron throats
The deafening notes of the song of war—
The frightful, terrible, thundering notes
That caused the eternal earth to jar.

I've heard men say they were just as cool
In the heat of the battle as they would be
In a quiet seat in a Sabbath school,
But they couldn't find a believer in me.
I never flinched, never shirked a call,
But several times in the war-swept South
If I'd been shot through the heart, the ball
Would have had to hit me square in the mouth.

It's the silliest sort of talk we hear—
And hear from soldiers of solid worth—
That they stood in the front and felt no fear
When the rumblings of battle convulsed the earth.
I hold that our bravest men were those
Who felt alarm at the cannon's roar,
Yet never rearward pointed their toes,
But stood like men till the battle was o'er.

BRONCHO vs. BICYCLE

(Written by request of Colonel Albert A. Pope, and read at the Bicycle Club Dinner, Boston, given in honor of Mr. Tom Stevens, the famous bicyclist, who had just returned from a tour of the world on his wheel.)

The first we saw of the high-tone tramp
War' over thar' at our Pecos camp;
He war' comin' down the Santa Fé trail,
Astride of a wheel with a crooked tail,
A-skinnin' along with a merry song,
An' ringin' a little warnin' gong.
He looked so outlandish, strange and queer
That all of us grinned from ear to ear,
An' every boy on the round-up swore
He had never seed sich a hoss afore.

Wal', up he rode, with a sunshine smile,
A-smokin' a cigarette, an' I'll
Be kicked in the neck if I ever seen
Sich a saddle as that on his queer machine.
Why, it made us laugh, for it wasn't half
Big enough for the back of a suckin' calf.
He tuk our fun in a keerless way,
A-venturin' only once to say
Thar' wasn't a broncho about the place
Could down that wheel in a ten-mile race.

I'd a lightnin' broncho out in the herd
That could split the air like a flyin' bird,
An' I hinted round in an off-hand way
That, pervidin' the enterprise 'd pay,

I thought as I might jest happen to light
On a hoss that'd leave 'im out o' sight.
In less'n a second we seed 'im yank
A roll o' greenbacks out of his flank,
An' he said if we wanted to bet to name
The limit, an' he would tackle the game.

Just a week afore we had all been down
On a jamboree to the nearest town,
An' the whisky joints an' the faro games,
An' shakin' our hoofs with the dance-house dames
Made a wholesale bust, an', pard, I'll be cussed
If a man in the outfit had any dust;
An' so I explained, but the youth replied
That he'd lay the money matter aside.
An' to show that his back didn't grow no moss,
He'd bet his machine agin my hoss.
I tuk him up, and the bet war' closed,
An' me a-chucklin', fur I supposed
I war' playin' in dead sure winnin' luck,
In the softest snap I had ever struck,
An' the boys chipped in with a knowin' grin,
For they thought the fool had no chance to win.

An' so we agreed fur to run that day
To the Navajo Crossin' ten miles away—
As han'some a track as ever you seed
For testin' a hoss's purtiest speed.
Apache Johnson and Texas Ned
Saddled their horses and rode ahead
To station themselves ten miles away
To act as judges an' see fair play.

While Mexican Bart an' Big Jim Hart
Stayed back for to give us an even start.

I got aboard o' my broncho bird,
An' we came to the scratch an' got the word,
An' I laughed till my mouth spread from ear to ear
To see that tenderfoot drop to the rear.

The first three miles slipped away first-rate,
Then broncho began fur to lose his gait,
But I wa'n't oneasy, an' didn't mind,
With tenderfoot more'n a mile behind.
So I jogged along, with a cowboy song,
Till all of a suddent I heard that gong
A-ringin' a warnin' in my ear,
Ting! Ting! Ting! Ting! too infernal near,
An' lookin' back'ards I seed the chump
Of a tenderfoot gainin' every jump!

I hit ol' broncho a cut with the quirt,
An' once more got him to scratchin' dirt,
But his wind seemed weak, an' I tell you, boss,
I seed that he wasn't no ten-mile hoss.
Still the plucky brute took another shoot,
An' pulled away from the wheel galoot,
But the animal couldn't hold his gait,
An' somehow the idee entered my pate
That if tenderfoot's legs didn't lose their grip
He'd own that hoss at the end o' the trip.

Closer and closer come tenderfoot,
An' harder the whip to the hoss I put;

But the Eastern cuss, with a smile on his face,
Ran up to my side with his easy pace—
Rode up to my side, an', durn his hide,
Remarked 'twar' a pleasant day fur a ride;
Then axed, unconsarned, if I had a match,
An' on his breeches gave it a scratch,
Lit a cigarette, said he wished me good day,
An', as fresh as a daisy, scooted away.
Ahead he went—that infernal gong
A-ringin' "good-bye" as he flew along;
An' the smoke of his cigarette came back
Like a vapory snicker along the track.
On an' on he sped, gittin' further ahead,
His feet keepin' up that onceasable tread,
Till he faded away in the distance; an' when
I seed the condemned Eastern rooster again,
He war' thar' with the boys at the end of the race,
That same keerless, unconsarned smile on his face.

Now, pard, w'en a cowboy gits beat he don't sw'ar,
Nor kick, if the beatin' be done on the squar';
So I tuck that Easterner right by the hand,
An' told him that broncho awaited his brand.
Then I asked 'im his name, and whar' from he came,
And how long he'd practiced the wheel-rollin' game.
Tom Stevens, he said, war' his name, an' he come
From a town they call Bosting, in ol' Yankeedom;
Then he jist paralyzed us by sayin' he'd whirled
That very identical wheel round the world.
Wal', pard, thar's the story o' how that smart chap
Done me up w'en I thought I had sich a soft snap;
Done me up on a race with remarkable ease,
An' lowered my pride a good many degrees.

Did I give 'im the hoss? W'y, of course I did, boss,
An' I'll tell you, it wa'n't no diminutive loss.
He writ me a letter from back in the East,
An' said he'd presented the neat little beast
To a feller named Pope, who stands at the head
O' the ranch whar' the cussed wheel horses ar' bred.

THAR' WAS JIM

Wildest boy in all the village,
  Up to every wicked lark,
Happy at a chance to pillage
  Melon patches in the dark.
Seemed a 'tarnal mischief breeder,
  Fur in every wicked whim,
Put your hand upon the leader,
  Thar' was Jim.

He war' eighteen when the summons
  Come fur Union volunteers,
An' the fifin's an' the drummin's
  An' the patriotic cheers
Made us with excitement dance, sir,
  Even old men, staid and prim,
An' among the fust to answer,
  Thar' was Jim.

One day when Gin'ral wanted
  Volunteers to charge a place
Whar' the rebel banner flaunted
  Imperdently in our face,

Seemed as though the cannon's bellers
  Had no skeerishness fur him.
Fur among the foremost fellers,
  Thar' was Jim.

How we cheered 'em at the startin'
  On that fearful charge they made,
Fur it seemed that death was sartin'
  In that fiery ambuscade.
Once the smoke riz up, a-showin'
  Them as up the hill they clim,
An' ahead and still a-goin'
  Thar' was Jim.

Git thar'? Wal', yer jest a screamin',
  Nothin' could have stopped them men—
Each one seemed a howlin' demon
  Chargin' on a fiery pen.
Purty tough w'en next I found him,
  Fur, with face all black an' grim,
Dead, with dead men all around him,
  Thar' was Jim.

Friend o' mine? I reckon, sorter—
  Met him fust one winter's night—
Lord! but wa'n't that storm a snorter—
  When I went fur Doctor White!
When I heard my wife a pleadin'
  Me to come an' look at him,
Lyin' in her arms a-feedin'
  Thar' was Jim.

THE WOMANHOOD OF MAN

(To the man and the poem ex-Governor Adams, of Colorado, pays this compliment: "It is a portrait—you have thought to idealize; instead, you have painted the heart picture of Captain Jack. Unconsciously it is yourself that has been caught in your poetical kodak.")

There is gold in every fiber
  Of the Womanhood of Man;
It has ebbed and flowed in blood and tears
  Since this old world began,
From the veins and souls of heroes
  And of heroines, since the day
When women wept and Jesus died
  To wash our sins away.

I am just an optimistic,
  Reckless, broncho sort of chap;
Though I stand for peace and justice
  I am always in a scrap;
But my ancestors were fighters
  Since red warfare first began,
And my only saving grace is
  In the Womanhood of Man.

I have prospected for treasure
  In the gold lands of the West,
I have driven many a tunnel
  In the mountain's rugged breast,
And I've found each little leader
  From bedrock to surface pan
Was a mother-loaded magnet
  From the Womanhood of Man.

I have sunk down to the bedrock
In a wayward brother's soul,
When the whispered name of "Mother"
Caused the God-sent tears to roll
From a seeming barren desert
Down the cheeks, all bronzed with tan;
It was God's assay for "color"
In the Womanhood of Man.

I have tested modest manhood
In the fiery front of war,
I have analyzed the metal
In the blood of many a scar,
And have found the lion-hearted,
Whole-souled hero of the clan
Was the optimistic product
Of the Womanhood of Man.

If you want to find the metal
That is twenty karats fine
You must prospect on the surface
Ere you sink to strike the mine,
But you'll find it in the tailings
If you'll test them with the pan—
Find the gold of strenuous manhood
In the Womanhood of Man.

I would rather "face the music"
When the wild Apaches yell,
Rather face the hell of battle
Amid storms of shot and shell,
Than suppress the tears of gladness,

Or of sadness, while I can
Realize they are the essence
Of the Womanhood of Man.

'Tis the womanhood of manhood
That is always reaching out;
It has been my lone companion
While on many a dangerous scout,
And wherever fate may place me
I shall do the best I can
To be worthy of the manhood
Of the Womanhood of Man.

OL' BILL REYNOLDS'S 'DOPTED BOY

We all looked down on the little cuss
When he come to school with the rest of us,
Just 'cause he war' an adopted boy,
From an orphan 'sylum in Illinoy.
He had no parents, leastwise he said,
Fur all he knowed both on 'em war dead—
"Died 'fore I was born," he said to me,
W'en I chaffed him about his pedigree.

He didn't seem fur to have a bit
O' fightin' metal or spunky grit,
But tuk our slurs in a quiet way,
An' endured our torments day after day
Without so much as a sass-back word,
No matter how off'n or hard we spurred;
The butt o' the scholar's fur wicked fun
War' ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

He larnt his lessons—the teacher said,
W'en the term war over he'd be ahead
Of all us scholars, sartin an' shore.
If we didn't tend to our knittin' more.
An' w'en the examination come,
The Board o' Directors jes' struck us dumb
By givin' the prizes, every one,
To ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

This made us wild, an' we up an' swore
We wouldn't go to that school no more
Unless the Directors 'd fix it so
That little reperbate couldn't go.
But afore the school tuk up we heard
That ol' Bill Reynolds somehow preferred
To send him into the city, whar'
A big, hifalutin' academy war'.

He come to Bill's on a visit twice,
Dressed up an' lookin' uncommon nice,
But never showed up on the village street,
Jes' like he was 'feared of us boys he'd meet.
'Twar a wise perceedin', fur none of us
'D associate with the nameless cuss
That had no pedigree mor'n the one
Of ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

It sorter surprised us w'en some one read
A piece in the city paper 'at said
That Honer'ble Senator Blake had set
On him fur a West Point school cadet.
Ol' Bill moved East, an' we never heard
'Mongst all us boys not another word,

Till the big Secession War'd begun,
Of ol' Bill Reynolds's 'dopted son.

Most of us ol' schoolfellers went
At the fust break-out of the devilment,
An' I reckon thar' wasn't a wilder cuss
Than me in that hull rebellion muss.
Dissipatin' an' playin' cards,
The scum o' the rigiment 'mong my pards—
Never stopped fur a breathin' spell
In my reckless run fur the gates o' hell!

It seems like a nightmare lookin' back—
A gamblin' quarrel—a pistol's crack—
A schoolboy comrade by my hand slain—
A hand impelled by a rum-crazed brain.
The dread court-martial, my quick-drawn breath,
As I heard the words, "To be shot to death!"
The nameless terror that clung to me
As I peered o'er the brink of eternity!

My mother came, with her pale, sad face,
From our village home to our prison place—
Came with the old-time glad voice hushed—
Came with a heart my hand had crushed,
Kissed and embraced me as of yore,
Called me her darling o'er and o'er,
Humbly knelt by my side and prayed
That the stern hand of justice might be stayed.

Her face reflected her heart's keen pains
As she heard the ring o' my clankin' chains;
Eyes that beamed love in the bygone years

Were dulled with sorrow's most bitter tears.
Her hand on my burnin' head she laid,
And bad me pray as I never prayed;
As for me with tremblin' steps she went
With one last hope to the General's tent.

The ensuin' hour seemed a year to me
As I waited thar' in my misery.
The sentry with sympathetic face
Marched to and fro with a funeral pace.
O'er the face o' the sun there crept a cloud,
Filmy and white as a coffin shroud,
An' a raven on distant wooded slope
Seemed to croak the warnin': "No hope, no hope!"

Down through the aisles o' the tented camp
Came a squad of guards with a tramp, tramp,
tramp.
Half dazed I marched 'mid the glistenin' guns,
Borne proudly by Union's blue-clad sons;
Marched to headquarters an' stood before
The great commander, whose broad brow wore
Undyin' laurels his skill had won
On a dozen fields 'neath the Southern sun.

My brain war' awhirl! The events now seem
As the shadowy memories of a dream;
The smile o' my mother, sad but sweet,
As she sat on a stool at the General's feet.
I can see the General's courtly grace,
As he raised his eyes to my pallid face—
"My boy, your mother's prayers have won;
You are pardoned—by Reynolds's 'dopted son!"

SANCTIMON'YUS IKE

An early-day inspiration and a truthful story that ended in a necktie party.

His quiet ways an' honest look
  Won all the diggin's at the start;
His eyes seemed like an open book
  In which we read his guileless heart.
He first showed up at Placer Mound,
  Just after that big '80 strike,
An' unobtrusive loafed around,
  All unconcarned and quiet like.

Some said he war' a millionaire
  From Frisco, lookin' up a snap,
While others said he had the air
  O' some revival gospel chap.
The boys soon tied him to the name
  O' "Parson Sanctimon'yus Ike,"
Just 'cause he played the pious game
  So unconcarned an' quiet like.

He nursed the sick, spoke words o' cheer
  To them as rassel'd with despair,
An' at the bed o' pain you'd hear
  His low, sad voice in earnest prayer.
No matter whar' distress war' found,
  You'd find this Sanctimon'yus Ike
Jes' like a angel movin' round,
  So unconcarned an' quiet like.

One night the safe in which war' kep'
  The dust o' ev'ry man in camp,
War' busted open while we slep',
  By some mean, ornery, thievin' scamp.

We tuk the trail amazin' quick,
An' soon foun' Sanctimon'yus Ike
Leadin' a pack-mule down the creek,
All unconcarned an' quiet like.

The stuff war' found, a jedge war' chose,
An' thar' beneath a jack-oak tree
The court convened, an' when it rose
We tuk the back trail quietly.
As up the moutain side we clim'
We tuk a backward glance at Ike
A-hangin' from a jack-oak lim',
All unconcarned an' quiet like.

THE LAST ROLL-CALL

With pallid face a soldier brave lay dying,
His life-blood dampening the Southern sod,
While all around him bleeding forms were lying,
With dim and death-touched eyes upturned to God.
On every side the battle roared and thundered,
And shot and shell with maddening shrieks flew by,
And many souls, from mangled bodies sundered,
Soared upward to the Master's camp on high.

"Here! Here!" the dying soldier eager muttered,
As passing comrade knelt above his form
And asked him what he wished—if he had uttered
The call for help amid the battle's storm.
"Ah!" he replied, "I need no help from mortal
(And o'er his face a smile angelic came),
The roll is being called at Heaven's portal,
And I but answered when I heard my name."

RATTLIN' JOE'S PRAYER

(Written from a Camp Fire Story, told by California Joe, in the Black Hills in 1876. Monte Bill was Rattlin' Joe's gambling partner. Both were raised by Christian mothers to whom they were devoted, and who believed their boys were bankers, which was true. They ran a Faro Bank.

Bill died, and just before he closed his eyes he said, "Joe, I wouldn't mind passin' in my chips if I thought I could have a Christian burial, so that mother might know I had a hallelujah send-off." With tears in his eyes Joe promised Bill he should if it cost him his last scad; but there was not a preacher within 200 miles, and not even a prayer-book could be found. Rattlin' Joe did the best he knew how, saying, "Pards, yer kin git good out o' anything, if ye put it to the right use." Then he made a "prayer-book" out of a pack of cards. The verses tell the rest of the story.

This poem Captain Crawford first recited in Henry Ward Beecher's church, old Plymouth, Brooklyn, at a Ladies' Fair. The Rev. Beecher smilingly pronounced it "most innocently sacrilegious.")

'Twas the year eighteen hundred an' sixty,
One day in the bright month o' June,
When the angel o' Death from the diggin's
Snatched "Monte Bill"—known as McCune.
Wal', Bill war' a favorite among us,
In spite o' the trade that he had,
Which war' gamblin'; but don't you forget it—
He of'en made weary hearts glad;
An', pards, while he lay in that coffin,
Which we hewed from the trunk of a tree,
His face war' as calm as a angel's,
An' white as a angel's could be.

An' thar's whar' the trouble commenced, pards,
Thar' war' no gospel sharps in the camps,
An' Joe said, "We can't drop him this way,
Without some directions or stamps."

Then up spoke old Sandy McGregor:
"Look'ee yar, mates, I'm reg'lar dead stuck,
I can't hold no hand at religion,
An' I'm feared Bill's gone in out o' luck.
If I knowed a darn thing about prayin'
I'd chip in an' say him a mass;
But I ain't got no show in the lay-out,
'I can't beat the game, so I pass."

Rattlin' Joe war' the next o' the speakers,
An' Joe war' a friend o' the dead;
The salt water stood in his peepers,
An' these are the words as he said:
"Mates, ye know as I ain't any Christian,
An' I'll gamble the good Lord don't know
That thar' lives sich a rooster as I am;
But thar' once war' a time long ago,
When I war' a kid; I remember,
My old mother sent me to school
To the little old church round the corner,
Whar' they said I war' dumb as a mule.
An' I reckon I've nearly forgotten
Purty much all that ever I knew;
But still, if ye'll drop to my racket,
I'll show ye jist what I kin do.

"Now, I'll show you a prayer-book," said Joseph—
"Jist hand me them cards off that rack;
I'll convince ye that this are a Bible,"
An' he went to work shufflin' the pack.
Then he spread out the cards on the table
An' began kinder pious like: "Pards,

If ye'll jist cheese yer racket an' listen,
I'll show ye the prayer-book in cards!

"The ace, that reminds us o' one God,
The deuce o' the Father an' Son,
The tray, o' the Father and Son, Holy Ghost,
For ye see all them Three are but One.
The four-spot is Matthew, Mark, Luke an' John,
The five-spot, the virgins who trimmed
Their lamps while it was light of the day,
An' the other five virgins who sinned,
The six-spot, in six days the Lord made the earth,
The sea an' the stars in the heaven;
He saw it war' good w'at He did, then He said,
'I'll jist take a rest on the seven.'
The eight-spot is Noah, his wife and three sons,
An' Noah's three sons had their wives;
God loved the hull mob, so bid 'em embark—
In the freshet He saved all their lives;
The nine war' the lepers of Biblical fame—
A repulsive an' hideous squad—
The ten are the holy commandments which came
To us perishin' sinners from God.
The Queen war of Sheba in old Bible times,
The King represents old King Sol,
An' the knave, that's the devil,—an' God if ye please,
Jist keep his hands off'n poor Bill.
An' now, lads, git down on yer bended knees
Till I draw, and perhaps I kin fill;
An' havin' no Bible, I'll pray on the cards,
Fur I've showed ye they're all on the squar',
An' maybe God'll cotton to all that I say,
If I'm only sincere in the pra'r.

I'm lost on the rules o' yer game, but I'll ax
Fur a seat fur him back o' the Throne,
An' I'll bet my hull stack that the boy'll behave
If yer angels jist lets him alone.
Thar's nothin' bad 'bout him unless he gits riled—
The boys'll all back me in that—
But if anyone treads on his corns, Lord, you bet
He'll fight at the drop o' the hat.
Jist don't let yer angels run over him, Lord,
Nor shut off all to once on his drink;
Break him in kinder gentle an' mild on the start,
An' he'll give ye no trouble, I think.
An' couldn't ye give him a pack o' old cards,
To amuse himself once in a while?
But don't let yer angels chip in on his game,
'Cause he'll get right away with their pile.
An' now, Lord, I hope that ye've tuck it all in,
An' listend to all that I've said.
I know that my prayin' is jest a bit thin,
But I've done all I could fur the dead.
An' I hope I hain't troubled yer Lordship too much—
So I'll cheese it by axin' agin
That ye won't let the knave get his grip on poor Bill;
That's all, Lord—yours truly—amen."

AN OLD TRAPPER'S RELIGION

I ain't goin' ter preach ye a sermon,
  Nor I ain't goin' ter sing ye a song,
An' I reckon as how ye won't think so
  If I don't draw my story too long;
But I am jest from the church in the city,
  Whar' I hear'n the ol' parson man tell
'Bout the psalm-singer's home up in Heaven,
  An' the sinners' hot layout in Hell

An' I didn't at first understan' him;
  Ye see, I sot back near the door,
With my leg stuck 'way inter a tunnel,
  An' my slouch layin' flat on the floor;
But somehow his words sot me thinkin'
  An' it worried me ever so long,
Till I dropped on the settled conclusion
  That he drawed it a little too strong.

Sez he, ye must all git religion,
  An' stay with the rules o' the church,
Or else on the great Day o' Judgment
  Ye'll surely get left in the lurch.
Sez he, now's the day o' salvation,
  Fur why do ye weaken an' wait?
Fly 'way from that trail strewed with pleasure,
  'Cos it leads right direct to Hell's gate.

Then I ax'd myself, what is this racket
  That he seems so dead earnest about?
Is it sittin' close up to the pulpit
  To jine in the gineral shout?

Is it wearin' a face like a bean-pole,
Chippin' in with a lusty amen,
An' loafin aroun' in the temple
While the beggar lies sick in his pen?

Ar' these psalm-singin' nabobs religious,
'Cause they pray in a satin-lined box,
An' all the time durin' the preachin'
Keep plannin' their next steal in stocks?
Do they think they kin waltz into glory
Because they're mixed in with the flock?
Not much! They'll git left on the margin,
For Christ will go down to bed rock.

O' course, they are looked on as Christians,
Tho' they gamble all week on the board,
They freely come down with the wherewith
To help on the cause of the Lord.
But I think at the last resurrection
They'll have nothin' but wildcat to sell,
An' instead o' the stockboard in heaven
They'll git points on a corner in hell.

Ar' they bound to take lodgin's with Satan,
That labor an' toil day by day
For yer gilt-edged Sunday professers—
Like Duncan*—on starvation pay?
Ar' they bound ter take lodgin's with Satan,
While Duncan, the deacon, steals all

*J. C. Duncan, manager of the Pioneer Bank of San Francisco, who was a pillar of the church, and stole $2,000,000 from the depositors, and who denounced the honest prayer of "Rattlin' Joe" as sacrilegious.

An' pay with the sweat o' the poor man
The price of a sanctified stall?

Ar' they to be damned inter torment,
An' driv through unquenchable flames
'Cause the big book in front o' the pulpit
Don't happen ter show up their names?
Is the Devil a-goin' ter yank 'em
To his kingdom of fire below,
Jist 'cause they don't jine in their meetin's,
An' work in the very same row?

In short, can't a man as lives honest,
An' don't take the devil inside
(Fur no man can be a good Christian
An' yet from his sideboard imbibe);
If he does every day by his neighbor
As he'd have that same neighbor to do,
Won't he fare jest as well at the clean-up
As if worth a million or two?

The churches are good institutions;
I like to hear good preachers tell
'Bout Christ an' the good o' religion,
But they ought to preach temperance as well;
'Cause rum's the stronghold o' the devil,
An' a man as drinks don't always win,
'Cause he never kin keep hisself level,
Since rum is a cuss and a sin.

But I tell ye, a man as lives honest,
If he never hears tell o' the church,
Kin jest be as happy hereafter,
An' roost on a heavenly perch.

We're all in the way o' temptation,
Thar's no one who's free from all sin,
But Christ won't go back on us poor folks,
If we do jest the best that we kin.

THE TRUE STORY OF MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

We never found a chicken that could roost out of our reach,
We seldom had a chaplain that could find the time to preach,
We never saw a soldier pass a shirt hung out to bleach,
As we went marching through Georgia.

Oh, how we used to toil along right through the swamps and bogs,
And how the ladies blushed at our dilapidated togs,
And how we showed our bravery assassinating hogs,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When charging on a chicken roost the rebel girls cried "Shame!"
And said our actions would disgrace the soldiers' honored name;
They came at us with clubs and dogs, but we got there just the same,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When coming in from foraging sometimes we would get caught,
The Colonel then would paw the ground and swear he'd have us shot,

And then he'd eye our captured fowls and fine us half
we'd got,
As we went marching through Georgia.

When ordered up some earthwork or some battery to
take,
I've seen some heavy charges that caused the earth
to quake;
They were nothing to the charges the sutlers used to
make,
As we went marching through Georgia.

THE VETERAN AND HIS GRANDSON

(This poem was first recited by the author at Henry Ward Beecher's Church, Old Plymouth, Brooklyn, N. Y.)

Hold on! Hold on! My goodness, you take my
breath, my son,
A-firin' questions at me, like shots from a Gatlin' gun!
Why do I wear this eagle an' flag an' brazen star,
An' why do my old eyes glisten when somebody men-
tions war?
An' why do I call men "Comrade," an' why do my eyes
grow bright
When you hear me tell your grandma I'm going to
Post tonight?
Come here, you inquisitive rascal, an' set on your
granddad's knee,
An' I'll try an' answer the broadsides you've been
a-firin' at me.

Away back there in the sixties, long time afore you were born,
The news come a-flashin' to us, one bright an' sunny morn,
That some of our Southern brothers, a-thinkin', no doubt, 't war' right,
Had trained their guns on our banner, an' opened a nasty fight;
The great big guns war' a-boomin', an' the shot flyin' thick an' fast,
An' troops all over the Southland were rapidly bein' massed,
An' a thrill went through the nation, a fear that our glorious land
Might be split an' divided an' ruined by mistaken brother's hand.

Lord! but wa'n't there excitement, an' didn't the boys' eyes flash!
An' didn't we cuss our brothers for bein' so foolish an' rash!
An' didn't we raise the neighbors with loud an' continued cheers
When Abe sent out that document a-callin' for volunteers!
An' didn't we flock to the standard when the drums began to beat—
An' didn't we march with proud step along the village street!
An' didn't the people cheer us when we got aboard the cars,
With the flag a-wavin' o'er us, an' went away to the wars!

I'll never forget your grandma as she stood outside o' the train,
Her face as white as a snowdrift, her tears a-fallin' like rain—
She stood there quiet and deathlike, 'mid all o' the rush and the noise,
For the war was a-takin' from her her husband and three brave boys—
Bill, Charley and little Tommy—just turned eighteen, but as true
An' gallant a little soldier as ever wore the blue;
It seemed almost like murder fur to tear her poor heart so,
But your grandad couldn't stay, baby, an' the boys war' determined to go.

The evenin' afore we started she called the boys to her side
An' told 'em as how they war' always their mother's joy an' pride,
An', though her soul was in torture, an' her poor heart bleedin' an' sore,
An' though she needed her darlings, the country needed them more.
She told 'em to do their duty, wherever their feet might roam,
An' to never forget in battle their mother was prayin' at home,
An' if (an' the tears nigh choked her) they should fall in front o' the foe,
She'd go to the blessed Savior an' ax Him to lighten the blow.

Bill lays an' awaits the summons 'neath Spottsylvania's sod,
An' on the field of Antietam Charley's spirit went back to God,
An' Tommy, our baby Tommy, we buried one star-lit night
Along with his fallen comrades, just after the Wilderness fight.
The lightnin' struck our family tree, an' stripped it of every limb,
A-leavin' only this bare old trunk a-standin' alone an' grim.
My boy, that's why your grandma, when you kneel to the God you love,
Makes you ax Him to watch your uncles, an' make 'em happy above.

That's why you sometimes see her with the tear-drops in her eyes;
That's why you sometimes catch her a-tryin' to hide her sighs;
That's why at our great reunions she looks so solemn an' sad;
That's why her heart seems a-breakin' when the boys are jolly an' glad;
That's why you sometimes find her in the bedroom overhead,
Down on her knees a-prayin', with their pictures laid out on the bed;
That's why the old-time brightness will light up her face no more,
Till she meets her hero warriors in the camp on the other shore.

An' when the great war was over, back came the veterans true,
With not one star a-missin' from that azure field of blue;
An' the boys, who on field o' battle had stood the fiery test,
Formed posts o' the great Grand Army in the North, South, East an' West.
Fraternity, Charity, Loyalty, is the motto 'neath which they train,
Their object to care for the helpless an' banish sorrow an' pain
From the homes o' the widows an' orphans o' the boys who have gone before,
To answer their name at roll-call, in God's Grand Army corps.

An' that's why we wear these badges, the eagle an' flag an' star,
Worn only by veteran heroes who fought in that bloody war;
An' that's why my old eyes glisten while talkin' about the fray,
An' that's why I call men "Comrade" when I meet 'em every day;
An' that's why I tell your grandma, "I'm goin' to Post tonight,"
For there's where I meet the old boys who stood with me in the fight.
An', my child, that's why I've taught you to love an' revere the men
Who come here a-wearin' badges, to fight their battles again.

For they are gallant heroes who stood 'mid the shot
an' shell,
An' followed the flying colors right into the mouth
o' hell;
They are the men whose valor saved this land from
disgrace an' shame,
An' lifted her back in triumph to her perch on the
dome o' fame;
An' as long as you live, my darling, till your pale lips
in death are mute,
When you see that badge on a bosom, take off your hat
and salute,
An' if any old vet should halt you, an' question you why
you do,
Just tell him you've got a right to, for your grand-
dad's a comrade, too.

WHEN BILL COME HOME

Hold 'im? No. A yoke o' steers
Couldn't hold that boy o' mine,
W'en the call fur volunteers
Come a-ringin' down the line.
Patriotism, strong an' pure,
Hit 'im like a burstin' bomb—
Said he'd be a gin'ral, sure,
W'en he come home.

Course his mother up an' cried,
Jes' as any mother would

Ef her only joy an' pride
  Went away, perhaps fur good,
But he knocked her reasonin'
  Inter sort o' honeycomb—
Sed he'd make her smile ag'in
  W'en he come home.

Off he marched, an' I suppose
  No one in the regiment
Looked so fine in soger clothes
  As our Bill the day he went.
Neighbors 'lowed he'd turn out bad,
  But we told 'em how we'd show'm
W'at a noble boy we had
  W'en Bill comes home.

Got a letter now an' then
  Tellin' how he got along,
How he thought o' mother w'en
  Tempted fur to do a wrong.
"An'," sed she, "you'll shout so loud
  That you'll shatter Heaven's dome,
'Cause you'll feel so monstrous proud
  W'en Bill comes home."

'Mong his letters thar' was one
  More'n all the rest, perhaps,
Pleased us, fur he's said he'd won
  A leftenant's shoulder straps
Fur his bravery in a row
  Down in Georgy, front o' Rome—
Said we'd hold our heads up now,
  W'en he come home.

Purty soon the papers said
That fur conduct o' some sort,
Owin' to the way he led
Of his sogers 'gin a fort,
Some affair was read out loud
Makin' of him "Captain" Bloom--
"Lor'!" we said, "Won't we be proud,
W'en Bill comes home."

Then the news went o'er the land
O' that great Atlanta fight,
An' we couldn't understand
Why our William didn't write.
Neighbors tried to lift us out
O' the orful cloud o' gloom—
Sed they'd come an' help us shout,
W'en Bill come home.

* * * * * *

Coffin in the baggage car,
Black as ever black could be.
All the neighbors standin' thar',
Pityin' of wife an' me
Meetin' of our darlin' boy
Jes' to put 'im in the tomb,
Give us sorrow, 'stead o' joy,
W'en Bill come home.

NOT A SIN TO LIE THAT WAY

The old vets now will often sit, and tell their loving wives
Of many stirring incidents that crossed their soldier lives—
The marches, camps and sieges, the battles hard they fought,
And how they stood up gallantly amid the storms of shot;
But raids on chicken rendezvous they'll swear they never made,
Nor ever helped assassinate a hog in Southern glade,
Nor ever "beat" the sutler when they drew their monthly pay—
And seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

They'll talk of great privations they were called on to endure,
And how they'd laugh at hardships which their "kicking" couldn't cure—
The beating rains, the driving snows, and many a dire distress
They will relate in sentences of glowing vividness.
They'll scowl with indignation at a hint of how they shirked,
And how the many "soldier" games successfully they worked;
They never dodged guard duty, but were always prompt, they'll say,
And seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

They'll tell of how from blanket beds their truant thoughts would roam
Unto the dear, good, loyal girls they left in distant home,
And how their martial hearts would throb with rapture at the thought
Of sweethearts' loving welcome when the battles all were fought.
Just hint to one that he was sweet on some fair Southern girl,
He'll shake his head emphatic, and his lip will scornful curl;
He'll say that to his own love he was loyal every day,
And seems to think it not a sin to lie that way.

With faces tinged with sorrow as memory takes them back,
They'll tell of pangs of hunger when the rations would get slack,
And how the corn from mules they'd filch, so desperate did they grow,
While staring in starvation's face in chase of Southern foe.
And then, with look of innocence, they'll tell of many a raid
Their more ungodly comrades on the big plantations made,
But raiding was a crime which at their own doors didn't lay—
They seem to think it not a sin to lie that way.

JIM'S LETTER

I sat on the crest on the mountain high
  Overlooking Jorando's plain;
A mocking-bird sang in the woods close by
  In a glad and sweet refrain,
And the doves were cooing among the trees,
  And the deer browsed at my feet,
With the sweet of wild flowers perfuming the breeze
  It was Nature in Nature's retreat.

And my heart just danced to the songbird's tune,
  And forgotten was every care,
And it seemed that balmy and flowery June
  Instead of the Winter was there,
And I rolled on the ground and laughed and sang
  In a joyous and glad refrain,
Till the deer ran off and the old woods rang,
  And the echo came back again.

Then a shot rang out and a bang! bang! bang!
  And my heart leaped again with joy,
And I laughed once more till the old woods rang,
  For I knew it was Harry, my boy.
Then near to my side on his foaming mare
  He stopped, and I held my breath;
His face was the picture of cold despair,
  And as white as the face of death.

"Speak out! Great God, don't look like that,
  With your white face dusty and grim!"
Then he said, as he raised his broad-rimmed hat,
  "Here's a letter from Corporal Jim."

And he stole away to a tree close by,
With his head drooping low on his breast;
I knew it was death by the tear in his eye—
Jim's letter must tell the rest.

The blood in my veins seemed its course to retrace,
And the song-birds of Heaven were still,
An eclipse came over the sunny face
Of that joyous and gladsome hill.
All nature seemed hushed as I held in my hand
That message from comrade of mine,
And I can't explain and I don't understand,
But somehow it started the brine.

With eager eyes and with trembling hand
I gazed for an instant, and then
My heart stood still; the writing I scanned
Was from one of God's own noblemen.
The seal was broken and the mist arose
In my eyes while I read it out:
"Who'll champion us now, God only knows,
Since Logan is mustered out."

Oh, comrades of mine, he was dearer to me
Than the wealth of my Western wild.
And the soft, balmy breeze and the doves on the tree
Seemed to moan, while I wept like a child.
Yes, boys, and I want you to understand
What I say I will never take back,
And I thought it was noble and brave and grand
To cry for a hero like Jack.

To cry in the wildwood when no one was near,
Save my boy, and he joined me, you bet,
For a child of a soldier to Jack was most dear,
And his grave with their tears will keep wet.
And who, if not I, should inscribe to the name
Of that hero now gone to his rest,
A song from the wildwood, the mountain and plain
For "Black Jack" was a son of the West.

Our great Alexander, our mightiest chief—
Every heart-throb that beat in his breast
Was the music that chimed in his heart for relief
For our widows and orphans distressed.
Sincere in his friendship, from trickery free,
With honesty's stamp on his face,
And we ask as we bow to Heaven's decree,
"Lord, raise up a man in his place."

A man whom the comrades can love and revere,
A soldier and statesman combined,
Upright in deportment, unconscious of fear,
Yet modest and gentle and kind.
A man who stood with us on many a field,
When the shots wildly shrieked in the air,
A man whose convictions never would yield—
A duplicate Jack, as it were.

SLEEP, SOLDIER, SLEEP!

A MEMORIAL DAY SONG

Sleep, soldier, sleep! Thy warfare is o'er,
War's dread alarums shall wake thee no more;
Sleep, calmly sleep, 'neath the flowery sod,
Waiting the reveille sounded from God.
Over thy resting-place bright flowers we twine,
Gratitude's emblems on loyalty's shrine.
Fruits of thy valor we gratefully reap:
Union and Liberty—Sleep, sleep, sleep.

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of spring
Loving hands hither bring,
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep, sleep.

Rest, soldier, rest! Thy peace thou hast earned
On the red fields where the battle fires burned;
Rest, sweetly rest, for a-weary wert thou
Winning the laurels which circled thy brow.
Soon will the trumpeter wake thee again,
Sounding Assembly on Heaven's bright plain;
There with thy comrades in realms of the blest,
Through all eternity, rest, sweet rest.

CHORUS

Beautiful flowers of spring
Loving hands hither bring,
Sacred thy memory ever we'll keep,
Sweetly and peacefully sleep, sleep, sleep.

ANNUAL REUNION AND FORTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY, MAY 13, 1910.

THE SOLDIER SONS O' SCOTLAND

When the call to the red fields of warfare was ringing,
When the cry that our flag was degraded went forth,
When the news of the firing on Sumter went winging
Through throbbing wires over the land of the North,
The blood of true patriots burned at the story,
Strong hands were all eager to grapple the guns,
And quickly to rise in defense of Old Glory
Were legions of Scotland's brave, brawny young sons.

Their own native Scotia they loved with devotion,
They cherished the mem'ry of war chiefs of old;
Their love for their heroes was deep as the ocean;
From childhood they'd read of Scotch warriors bold,
And when in the land they'd adopted their valor
Was called to the test when the flag was assailed,
They sought the red fields, and no cowardly pallor
O'erspread their flushed faces; their hearts never quailed.

And nobly they fought on the red fields of battle
Where death sang its terrible, madd'ning refrains;
'Mid roaring of cannons and musketry's rattle
The war-blood of Scotland coursed hot through their veins.
They fought for the life of the flag floating o'er them
In shot-riddled wildwood, in field and in glen,
And gray serried ranks that stood battling before them
Reeled oft 'neath the fire of the Cameron men.

O! sons of the land of the thistle and heather,
Brave Cameron Highlanders, proud ye should be
When thus you assemble as comrades together
To rehearse the brave deeds of your war history.
Though gray be your heads with time's frosting, I'll warrant
You yet feel as young as when warriors bold,
For mind what I tell you, 'tis really abhorrent
To think a true Scotchman could ever grow old.

Now, fill up your glasses and toast your braw cronies,
Drink health to your Spence and the auld Scotian Baird,
A cup for Joe Stewart, and mind ye, no ponies,
But brimming full goblets, for true he's a laird.
And drink to yersel's, every laddie amang ye,
And see that ye leave no wee drap in the cup,
And down a wee bit for the song I have sang ye,
If ye think in your hearts it is worthy a sup.

And drink ye in silence to those who are missing
Since last ye fell in for your annual feed,
And think, as the cups to your lips you are pressing,
Of Martin and Ogle and brave Jamie Reid,
Of Elliott, Anchor, Lamont, who have left ye,
Of good Comrade Clifford, the last one to fall;
Though death of the boys in the flesh has bereft ye,
Their memory will live till the last bugle call.

A HAPPY HIT

Everybody shuck their heads,
  In a doobious sort o' way;
Talked about folks makin' beds
  Into which they'd have to lay,
All because young Marcus Pike
  Sorter sidled up to me,
An' because I acted like
  I war' summat fond o' he.

Sister Marthy raved an' tore,
  Said I would disgrace our name;
Brother William ripped an' swore,
  Father acted fur from tame.
Mother didn't seem to keer,
  Fur she acted quiet like,
Jes' as ef she had no fear
  That I'd marry Marcus Pike.

Marthy had a strappin' beau,
  Clerkin' in Si Allen's store,
Six foot tall an' seemed ter know
  Everythin'; the clothes he wore
War the best Si Allen kep'
  In his place, an' Marthy thought
That his millingtary step
  Marked the hero to the dot.

Marthy war' the oldest, an'
  Tol' me I had much to learn,
An' I'd better hol' my han'
  Till I got a beau like her'n.

But their oppersition jes'
Seemed ter make me like him more.
An' I done my level best
His affection to secure.

When the bloody war bruk out
Mark jes' couldn't stay ter hum,
An' I heerd 'm whoop an' shout,
Follerin' the fife an' drum.
When he come ter say goodbye
I kep' vowin' through my tears,
I'd have none but him ef I
Hed to wait a million years.

Marthy's feller said he guessed
War'd not agree with him—
That the fire that moved the rest
War a sorter sudden whim
So right in the store he stuck.
Spite o' what the neighbors said
That he didn't have the pluck
Fur to face the rebel lead.

Well, all through them bloody years
I war true as death to Mark,
An' I calculate my tears
Would a-floated Noah's ark.
Marthy's feller married her,
An' she allus kep' a sayin'
I war jes' a donkey fur
All my weepin' an' my prayin'.

But at last the fight was o'er,
An' amid the people's cheers

An' a anvil's deaf'nin' roar,
  An' us wimmin's joyful tears,
Back come Marcus an' the rest,
  An', not carin' who war' seein',
I jes' hugged 'im to my breast
  Prouder than a royal queen.

How the years have seemed to fly
  Since I wed my soger boy;
He seems proud o' me, an' I
  Seem to swim in ceaseless joy.
An' I reckon Marthy sees
  That I made a happy hit—
Mark is Jestis o' the Peace—
  Her ol' man is clerkin' yit.

MEMORIAL DAY

JUST US FEW

Just us few, boys in blue,
  Gathered together today,
Where comrades sleep and women weep,
  Scattering flowers of May.

Just us few, boys in blue,
  Old boys in blue and gray,
Thinking of days, Sumter ablaze,
  We marched to the war away.

Just us few, me and you,
  Tommy and Billy and Jay,
Here with the dead, who fought and bled,
  Awaiting the judgment day.

Just us few, hark, tattoo—
Attention, comrades! I say,
Soon 'twill be taps, brush up your traps,
Rest for the Blue and Gray.

OUR MARTYRED DEAD

(The following poem was read by the author at the tomb of General E. D. Baker, on Decoration Day, 1879.)

Soldiers, comrades, gather round me,
List the story I will tell
Of a noble, gallant soldier—
One who loved our flag so well.
Here he sleeps beneath the daisies,
Here, anear the ocean broad,
Near the great Pacific's murmur,
He is resting 'neath the sod.

Oh, the brave; methinks I see him
Charging, leading, sword in hand,
With the courage of a Custer,
At the head of his command.
Onward! upward! rally comrades!
See the rebels giving way!
Ah! Ball's Bluff, you had a martyr
When our Baker fell that day.

While we gather 'round his ashes,
Comrades far beyond the plain
Send a tribute to his mem'ry
From the Post that bears his name.
Baker Post, in Philadelphia—
Boys who joined him in the fray—
Bade me tell you how they loved him,
And I speak for them today.

DECORATION DAY

Comrades, our Nation is thinking today
Of her glorious salvation, and counting the cost
Of the men who are sleeping beneath the cold clay—
The noble, the gallant, and brave, that we lost,
That we lost! Yet how fondly we cherish their names,
How eager to tell of the deeds they have done,
Their actions so brave, that their glory and fame
Are pictured and told in the battles they won!

Let our Nation rejoice, then, 'mid sorrow today—
Let our soldier hearts beat with the love of the free;
While the widows and orphans are kneeling to pray,
Great God of the Universe, humbly to Thee,
And we who have safely returned from the fight,
Would ask Thee, most humbly, dear Father, again,
To watch o'er our actions, that we, by Thy might,
May show that our comrades have not died in vain.

Dear comrades, the widow has come; stand aside—
Let her kneel by the tomb, unresponsive forever,
Where moulders the arm of the true and the tried;
Her guard and protector, till war bade them sever.
Stand aside, boys, she comes, as she'll come all the years,
With a wreath, lovely wreath, all bespangled with tears,
And a prayer, Heavenly Father, when this life is done,
Reunite us in Heaven with loved Washington.

The orphan has come, boys; let him have a place
To look at the orator straight in the face,

To listen once more, hear recounted the story,
For his sire was a soldier, and shared in the glory;
And he, too, will vow on each thirtieth of May,
His love for our Union; God bless him! we say.

The patriot is here and the statesman has come,
The actor, the student, yea, every one;
The dwellers in palace, and hovel so plain,
All, all have done honor to those who were slain.
Let the blossoms of May bow their heads o'er each
grave,
And breathe balm of sweetness all over the brave,
And lilies, pure lilies, with roses so red,
Be strewn in bright wreaths on the graves of the dead,
While tears of the widows and orphans like dew
Are mingled with flow'rets of red, white and blue.

And now as these heroes lie sleeping beneath
The Stars and the Stripes, the flowers and the wreath,
We think of the trenches dug after the fight,
When wrapped in their blankets at dead of the night,
We buried in hundreds, yea, thousands, the braves
Who fell in the battle; no mark o'er the graves
Save that simple inscription, just one word alone,
You read it with awe, and pronounce it "Unknown."
And today the four hundred thousand who fell,
The wife, and the mother, and sister, will tell,
Oh, how generous, how loyal, how noble and true,
They died for our Union, for me and for you!

Our Union still lives. They have not died in vain,
And today we've adorned their low graves once again;
But these flowers, and the hands that have strewn them
today,

In death will soon languish and all pass away,
And these monuments, too, so majestic and grand,
Will crumble to dust. Yet our Union will stand—
And that is their monument, ours, too, as well,
Who fought by the side of the noble who fell;
Who suffered in cabin, in camp, and in field,
And swore by yon flag that we never would yield
Till that flag, lovely flag, dearest flag of the free,
Should float, boys, in triumph, for you and for me.

And here as we gather today 'neath the Stars,
We look upon comrades with crutches and scars,
And sleeves, empty, sleeves, hanging loose by their side,
The boys who survived 'mid the thousands who died.
And yet do they murmur? No, no! nor complain.
"Each man owed a part, when the war-god held reign,
And we have but acted our part in the strife,
And gave but a limb, while the dead gave a life."
Oh, comrades, how hallowed the ground where they sleep—
Where the widows and orphans are kneeling to weep
O'er the brave who have fallen in skirmish and fight,
Protecting that flag and the cause that was right!

And yet we have still a great duty to do—
Work on, loyal hearts, until death's last tattoo
Shall lull us to rest 'neath the flag of the free,
Till awakened by angels with sweet reveille,
And the boys who have gone, and whose marching is o'er,
Are all waiting for us up on Canaan's bright shore.

THE GRAY AND THE BLUE IN DOMESTIC LIFE

(This poem first appeared in The Daily *Herald,* El Paso, Texas, December 17, 1895.)

A Yankee youth—a boy in blue—
Served as a soldier brave and true,
And when the bloody strife had closed
To hasten home felt indisposed.
Some hinted that he did not dare
To face some ugly rumors there—
To put the matter very mild,
The oats he'd sown were very wild.
So when the fearful war was done,
He cast away his Springfield gun,
And settling in a Southern State,
Began to hustle for a mate.
He found a widow—one whose lord
Had fallen by a Yankee sword,
Or by a Yankee bullet sent
From Union lines on mischief bent.
His tones were soft as tuneful lute
When he began to press his suit,
And she, grown tired of loneliness,
Soon whispered a decisive "Yes."
They married were, and for awhile
Each face just glittered with a smile—
No bickerings, no hot turmoil,
But all was smooth as flowing oil.
One day, while in a cranky mood,
He let fall an assertion rude
About his late opponents, and
She all too quickly "called his hand."

Her Southern blood boiled up, until
She seemed just mad enough to kill,
And with a haughty toss of head,
She shook a wifely fist and said:
The valiant men who wore the gray
Were good as he was, any day;
And if she in the future heard
Another spiteful, slurring word
About the Southern soldiers true,
She'd cook his bacon p. d. q.
Well, very often after that
They had a somewhat lively spat,
And it was very easy guessed
He always came out second best.
Their frequent quarrels soon became
A matter of reproach and shame,
For neighbors heard of every muss
And talked about them scandalous.
He swore he'd never yield, and she
Was just as firmly set as he.
He called her an old rebel crank,
She titled him a sneaking Yank,
And while she claimed the men in gray
Were far the bravest, he would say
They couldn't hold a candle to
The valiant men who wore the blue.
When they had been a short year wed,
He kissed her cheek one day and said,
"My dear, we never can agree
On such a question, for, you see,
You are of loyal Southern brand
While I'm a son of Yankeeland.

By argument, my darling wife,
We'll live in never-ending strife.
Of war, let's call for a cessation,
And settle it by arbitration.
Let Nature be the judge, and we
Abide by Nature's wise decree.
You've told me I must soon prepare
To greet a little baby heir,
And I am longing for the day
When in your arms I'll see it lay.
Now, darling, let us end our strife
And try to live a peaceful life,
By each agreeing to a scheme
To end this dark domestic dream.
We will not mention war again
Till darling baby comes, and then,
If it's dear little eyes are gray
I'll be a rebel from that day;
But should they happen to be blue
Then you must be a Yankee true."
She quick agreed. He kissed her cheek
And promised he would never speak
Another harsh or unkind word
Till Umpire Nature should be heard.
Their lives ran smooth as polished glass
Till the expected came to pass,
And prouder man ne'er wore a head
Than he, when, with imperious tread,
The doctor led him in to see
The increase in his family.
His face was wreathed with smiles until
The sunshine from it seemed to spill

In liquid brightness to the floor,
As entered he her chamber door.
He hastened quickly to her side,
And in most cheery accents cried,
"The judge has spoken. Which one wins?"
She pointed to a pair of twins,
And then he saw to his dismay
One's eyes were blue, the other's gray.
He gazed with ever widening eyes,
His bosom rent with blank surprise,
Until his wife in tender voice,
Said: "Hubby, darling, let's rejoice
At this great blessing God has sent—
Our peace will never more be rent
With such rebellious talk from me,
For I can very plainly see
These pretty little cherubs here
Are but the fruits of Union, dear.
When we began our bitter fight
Which turned our day to starless night,
Had I seceded, 'pon my word,
This thing would never have occurred—
From this day forward, ever more,
You'll find me Union, to the core."

"SCOUTING" FOR SHADOWGRAPHS.

Catching glints of sunshine sprinkled through the glen,
Roping Nature's treasures—branding them, and then
Shooting into substance shadows as they change,
With my witching Kodak when I find the range.
Oh witchery of Kodak'ry
Of labor, love and laugh,
In rain and shine all these combine
To catch the Shadowgraph.

Courting Mother Nature every little while
Catching glints of gladness in her every smile;
Groups of happy children in their joy and glee,
Shouting all in chorus "Wont you Kodak me?"
Oh Kodak'ry your witchery
Makes groucherines laugh;
And pessimist turn optimist
With smiles for Shadowgraph.

Yours in clouds or Sunshine,

J. W. Crawford
Apt. Jan.

A Story and a Poem

HOOD'S CHILDREN

TO MY COMRADES — BROTHERS OF THE BLUE AND GRAY, AT THE REUNION AT GETTYSBURG, JULY, 1913

Thirty-four years ago, while breakfasting in a San Francisco hotel with Tom Keene the famed actor and ex-union soldier then leading man at the California Theatre in San Francisco, he handed me a morning paper which he had been reading, and with moisture in his eyes said:—

"Jack, there is something that will, I know, touch a tender spot in your sympathetic heart. Read it."

It was the telegraphic story of the death of Ex-Confederate General John B. Hood and his devoted wife, who had fallen victims of the dread scourge, yellow fever, at New Orleans, leaving eleven orphaned children. That same evening I attended a meeting of Lincoln Post of the Grand Army of the Republic as a visiting comrade, and when "the good of the order" was reached in the ritualistic work I was called upon to address the meeting. I read the Hood story, and then said in substance that when Lee tendered his sword to Grant at Appomattox the war was over with all good soldiers north and south, and if Lincoln Post wanted to do a great patriotic act and would co-operate with me I would get up a benefit for the orphaned children of our late enemy and would guarantee to raise from $500 to $1,000 for the destitute ones. Without any objection the suggestion was unanimously concurred in and a committee, consisting of Comrades C. Mason Kinnie and Col. Lyon, was appointed to aid me in the charitable work. After the meeting the committee and myself looked up Col. Flourney, an Ex-Confederate officer, and he gladly joined us.

The next day we visited the Baldwin Theatre, where James O'Neil and his dramatic company were playing an engagement, and found the company on the stage at a rehearsal. Acting as spokesman for the committee I told Mr. O'Neil the story of Hood's children and asked if he and his company would not donate their services at a performance for the benefit of the orphans. Without a moment's hesitation he replied:

"Yes, two benefits if necessary."

Then turning to his company he asked, "What say you, ladies and gentlemen?"

Rose Coghlan was the first to speak, and in that fine dramatic voice of hers she said—"I will give my services with all my heart."

Louis Morrison, C. B. Bishop, Lou and Alice Harrison, Nina Varion and all the lesser lights of the company followed, each voicing his or her willingness to contribute to the aid of the children.

On the afternoon of the evening before the benefit, I was informed by the committee that I must make a speech before the curtain at the performance. I demurred, saying I was not an orator, and then Col. Flourney ordered me to my room under guard, and I was to be held there until I had written a poem worthy of, and to be read by myself on the occasion. A few hours later, I was on the stage facing an immense audience, telling the story and reciting the poem, Tom Keene holding my manuscript to prompt me if I should "fall down."

I am proud of the fact that I was able to bring about that great benefit, proud of the fact that in the preliminary work was perhaps seen the first Fraternal reunion of the Blue and the Gray, and I feel that this incident will be a fitting story to be told at our great reunion at Gettysburg the coming year; the Blue and the Gray under one flag—Old Glory. The poem is here given:

Dear comrades and friends in the Golden land
You may say I'm rough, you may call me wild,
But I have a heart and a willing hand,
To feel and to work for a soldier's child.
Do you think I ask on which side he fought
If man and soldier his record was good?
For, tho' our Union was dearly bought,
All hatred is buried with Hooker and Hood.

And comrades, I'll tell you right here to-night,
The men most bitter against the Gray,
Are the men who never were seen in a fight,
But who always got sick on a fighting day.

But with soldiers, my friends, it is not so,
They respect each other, the Gray and the Blue,
Nor are they ashamed that the world should know
How they stood by their colors, brave men and true.

Was Jackson ashamed when he knelt to pray
For the cause which he believed before Heaven was just,
While marching his half-starved boys in Gray
On an ear of corn, and a single crust?
Was Lee ashamed when he tendered his sword
To Grant, who refused the warrior's steel,
Who said "Your horses shall be restored
For braver never wore spurs to heel"?

Oh, generous hearts in the Golden State
You are forging the links of a Union chain,
That will cable one end at the Golden Gate,
And will circle the States to the gulf swept main.
A chain that will bind us, the Blue and the Gray,
In a union of purpose that God will approve,
In love that grows strong in adversity's day,
And in hearts that will stand by the flag we all love.

The past, it is dead, but we cannot forget it,
And comrades, we wouldn't forget if we could,
And as for myself, I shall never regret it,
This poor little service I render for Hood.
His loved ones will not be distressed nor discarded,
And tonight I am proud of a share in the stock,
I shall feel as a soldier, I'm fully rewarded,
By one little prayer from his innocent flock.

One little prayer from the loved ones we foster,
His latest bequest to his comrades in peace,
While the pale hand of death wrote his name on the roster,
And the angel on guard gave his spirit release.
Dear comrades, let charity's mantle enfold them,
Old Abe had no malice, no hate in his soul,
On the ramparts above let us hope to behold them,
While Washington musters each name on the roll.

Fraternally yours,
JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD,
"Capt. Jack."

FOR NINETY YEARS

TO DR. SILAS HUBBARD, FATHER OF "FRA ELBERTUS," ON HIS NINETY-FIRST BIRTHDAY, MAY NINTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWELVE.

For ninety years, 'mid hopes and fears,
You've stood a monument to God;
An honest man since life began,
Sunshine has lit the trail you trod.
When you'd prescribe all who'd imbibe
Cared less for medicine than you;
The healing wine of God's sunshine
Went to their ailments, straight and true.

The lessons taught, the smiles you brought,
Your individuality,
Did much to cure, sustained by your
Most charming personality,

And, best of all, when came the call
From those in very lowly station,
You helped the poor and the obscure,
And asked for no remuneration.

With active mind and soul combined,
With tireless strength of will and grit,
There yet appears, despite your years,
Unclouded mind and ready wit,
And from the start your "other heart,"
God's greatest gift to men like you,
Was near each day to watch and pray—
The faithful wife and mother true.

And so, dear friend, today I send
These warm heart-throbs to her and you,
This simple lay, a crude bouquet,
Fraught with affection warm and true,
And when at last you two have passed
To realms beyond the mystic sea,
O, may you stand at God's right hand
As lovers through eternity.

LINCOLN'S 100th ANNIVERSARY

Sadness, gladness, smiles and tears,
While on earth he trod,
Prince of Freedom's pioneers,
Growing grander with the years—
Masterpiece of God.

THE GIFT OF SONG

TO MY FRIEND—JOHN H. HARRISON

If I couldn't sing as I trudge along
To the goal thru this earthly vale,
If I couldn't scatter the notes of song
As flowers along the trail,
I would want to hit up a livelier gait,
To quicken my laggard pace,
To hasten along the joys that wait
Ahead at the stopping place.

There is joy in song when you think it falls
With cheer on desponding ears;
That it batters down the uprising walls
Of troubles and griefs and fears;
That it smooths the path of a fellow soul
That is bent 'neath a heavy load,
And sweetens the bitterness of the bowl
As he totters along the road.

A cheery poem that strikes a chord
Responsive in other hearts,
That falls as a soothing lotion poured
On the sting from misfortune's darts,
Is a treasure greater than golden grain
To a soul that is rent with care,
For gold cannot heal the smarting pain
Of a wound that is rankling there.

So I thank the Lord for the gift of song,
For the beautiful boon of power,
To scatter seeds as I tramp along
That may rise into full-blown flower;
And I'll sing in my humble way until
The fingers that love to hold
The pen, in the grasp of death are still,
And the heart of the singer is cold.

SATISFIED

I care for neither rank nor creed,
Nor dignity nor pomp nor pride,
Nor race nor pedigree nor breed—
I with myself am satisfied,
Because the best of every class,
The best of every creed and race,
Are mirrored in my soul's clear glass
When I am with them face to face.

And yet should I commit a crime
'Gainst God or man or nature's laws,
In word or thought or deed or rhyme,
As thick as cloud or thin as gauze,
I on my mirror fix my eyes,
With contrite heart my soul I scan,
Then hold communion with the skies,
As heart to heart, 'tween God and man.

And, brother mine, misunderstood
And persecuted day by day,
And branded bad because you're good,
Go to your looking glass and pray:

"From jealousy and selfishness,
Intrigue, deception, keep me free."
If wrong, be honest and confess—
Make peace between thy God and thee.

So what care I for class or creed,
Or pedigree or pomp or pride,
Since God's own Son by fiendish deed
Of kingly power was crucified?
Though cradled in a manger, He
Was king, yet servant, humble, pure,
And that is all I fain would be—
An humble servant of the poor.

"THE SUNSHINE STATE"

Within the statehood galaxy
Another starry gem we see
Resplendent in its brilliant glow—
The bright star of New Mexico.
To that historic "Sunshine State"
This simple verse I dedicate;
Its mountains grand, its level plains,
Its peaceful vales where plenty reigns;
Its breezes are the breath of health,
Its mountains hide metalic wealth,
Its fertile fields on every hand
Proclaim the richness of the land,
And fruitage of its orchards claim
A niche in pomologic fame.
The paleface tills the fertile soil

With dark-skinned native sons of toil,
And Indians cultivate the earth,
Proud of the land that gave them birth.
O, newborn state, we drink to you
In Nature's beverage, and renew
Our pledge of loyalty, and pray
That soon we'll see the coming day
When our beloved "Sunshine State"
Will stand pre-eminently great
With clustering farms and cities grand;
That over all our glorious land
Thy well-earned praises may be sung
By every nation-lover's tongue.

IF I BUT CAN

If I can bear the piercing thorns and crosses,
Can yet repose my trust in mortals who
Antagonize my ways and say my losses
Are caused because my head is "out of true,"
If I can cling to my soul-born ideals
In spite of "friendly enemies," forsooth,
Who say that I must cater to unreals,
Because it doesn't pay to tell the truth,

If I can trust myself despite the doubting
Of friends I love, who do not understand
That I am one of God's rough riders, scouting
On trail of wayward boys throughout the land;
If He who doeth all things well but serves me
With inspiration, and my course controls,
The slums and jails for me, if He preserves me,
Corraling broncho boys and saving souls.

And so, while God gives me the strength and power
To battle fear, and keep my head up still,
I'll pluck from out my soul the sweetest flower
And plant it in the garden of my will
And cultivate it, so the perfume flowing
From out its petaled cells may bring me joys
Until I see uncounted gardens growing
From seeds I've planted in the souls of boys.

A TOAST TO WOMEN

(BY SPECIAL REQUEST)

Thousands of people have listened to the Poet Scout at the close of his entertainment give the following toast:
It was first given at a banquet in Boston when a beautiful girl, a leader of fashion, poured out a glass of champagne, and, handing it across the table, asked "Capt. Jack" to drink a toast to the ladies. Capt. Crawford's hand and voice trembled as he stood up, and, taking the proffered glass, said:—

"Miss, this is a difficult task you have given me, but a soldier's duty is first to obey orders—and I shall try to drink a toast to Woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish—send her sons to drunkard's graves and perhaps, her daughters to lives of shame. No, not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her love. In the crystal water I will drink to her, that she remain queen regnant in the empire, she has already won, grounded deep as the universe in love, built up and enthroned in the homes and hearts of the world. I will drink to her, the full blown flower

of creation's morning, of which man is but the bud and blossom, to her, who in childhood clasps our little hands and teaches us the first prayer to the great All Father; who comes to us in youth with good counsel and advice, and who when our feet go down into the dark shadows, smooths the pillow of death as none other can; to her who is the flower of flowers, the pearl of pearls, God's last, but God's best gift to man—woman, peerless, pure, sweet, royal woman; I drink your health in God's own beverage; cold sparkling water."

He then explained by telling the story of his promise given his mother on her death-bed. (See "Mother's Prayers," on page 26.)

JUST A TIP

There isn't much in this old world
But sunshine after all;
The smiles and tears, the hopes and fears,
The wormwood and the gall
Are all mixed up, and when I come
To analyze the whole
I find the sunshine dominates
My heart and broncho soul.

Ye grouchy pessimist whose eyes
Reach not to skies of blue,
Join eyes with mine where God's sunshine
Will meet your lengthened view,
Then let your face reflect it back
In smiles of sweet content,
And shame should roll athwart your soul
For all the growls you've spent.

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